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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

POINCARÉ, PRIME MINISTER

JACQUES BARDOUX, writing in *L'Opinion*, characterizes Poincaré as a man 'of Anglo-Saxon moderation' and adds: —

He is neither peremptory nor arbitrary. He aims to preserve and to improve. Conferences are useful 'to solemnize and define agreements.' But we must not have 'improvisations and surprises.' 'Briefs and documents should be read carefully, prepared at leisure, and in advance.' He does not reject new methods, but he sticks to the *méthode ordinaire*. He dispenses with neither innovations nor traditions. . . . His clearness of vision is as remarkable as the moderation of his judgment.

Commenting upon the respectful reception of Poincaré's policy speech by the English Press, this author says: 'The integrity and the eminence of the man, the grandeur of his past services, his loyalty to the English alliance, his outspokenness, and his patriotism inspire universal deference.'

This is a fair enough description of a very common attitude in Great Britain. However, there are some marked exceptions. A. G. Gardiner, writing in the *Sunday Express*, says: —

Bismarck lived for one thing — the aggrandizement of Germany. Poincaré lives for one thing — the aggrandizement of France. But compared with the dreams of Poincaré, the dreams of Bismarck were modest. Bismarck aimed only at consolidating the German people and making them the dominant power in the councils of Europe; Poincaré aims at a naked military ascendancy in Europe as complete as Napoleon's at its zenith, and more enduring than Napoleon's because founded on the control, not merely of armies, but of the economic sources of power.

The Paris correspondent of the *Outlook*, quoting the French-Socialist nickname for the new Premier, *Poincaré la Guerre*, asserts that his return to power has given a new fillip to militarism in France. 'In many little cafés to-night and for the past week, you hear a local oracle talking of war.' His policy speech caused a wave of depression in the Bourse. 'If there had been anyone left to fight in Europe, the funds of that country would have suffered a lively depreciation. As matters are, the effect fell on French *rentes*. . . . An icy, unpleasant wind has sprung up throughout the land. It is war atmosphere.' . . . 'He is the Robespierre of patriotism. The abstract love of humanity which caused the "sea-green incorruptible" to let oceans of blood flow, resembles the cold love of his country which inspires this icy patriot.'

The *Nation's* leader takes the opportunity to analyze most acutely —

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if truly — the governing mind of France. The author of this unsigned article says that two theories prevail about that country. 'The more widely diffused, is a charitable though not very respectful view. It is that she is passing through an acute nerve-crisis. The sudden elation of victory was too much for her.' He thinks this theory is a natural variant of the older British belief that the French are 'an unstable, mutable, and even frivolous people. It is a theory popular among those who have a slight acquaintance with French history.' He observes that the French are the reverse of unstable and adds, parenthetically, that the Germans are not phlegmatic. 'Of all the European nations tested in the war . . . we should say that the French showed themselves, under an unexampled trial of endurance, the steadiest and most united. It is an intensely conservative society with its small landed property, its dependence on inheritance, its economic self-sufficiency, its rooted nationalism which makes Frenchmen the worst linguists and the worst observers of other peoples in the world.' The latter opinion is curiously at variance with the French idea of themselves voiced by Maurice Barrès in the article which we publish elsewhere in this issue.

The other theory about France is that the country's state of mind is but a 'reversion to type — the reëmergence of a half-buried, subconscious, but very persistent personality. . . . No other country has a tradition of European power and influence so ancient and so proud. . . . No other country takes such pains by the teaching of history and literature to preserve this tradition. Great Britain dominated in Europe for the first time under Pitt. The French tradition goes back to Charlemagne. . . . The fear which Frenchmen possess, and presumably feel when they think of the superior numbers of German and Russian population, is by no means a simple fear. . . . One might call it a superb fear. It is the fear of a very proud and self-esteeming people, which intends to dominate these barbaric tribes and yet realizes that they may one day crush it by their numbers. Rome knew such a fear as this. . . . But the fear is not strong enough to undermine their fixed intention of provoking it. They will not quit the Rhineland. They will not abate a centime of the German indemnity. They mean to have those Russian rubles.'

Sisley Huddleston, whom we have so often quoted upon political sentiment in France, reports that Poincaré's new ministerial career is handicapped by the character and enthusiasm of his friends — 'ardent Catholics, who confound religion with politics and Catholicism with nationalism . . . soldiers and officials . . . the Institute and the universities . . . patriotic societies of all kinds.' However, the new Premier is endeavoring to obtain his chief support from the Centre instead of from the extremists of the Right, and has many adherents in this group. The radicals distrust him and the Socialists passionately oppose him. 'They put him, and with him the whole system of capitalist society with its militarism, in the dock. They are helped in this by the unpopularity of Poincaré among the masses. The French people, I cannot insist too strongly, are truly pacific. They have had enough of war. I do not believe that they could be whipped up to sufficient indignation to make a policy of coercions and sanctions possible.'

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CHILE AT HOME AND ABROAD

PRESIDENT ALESSANDRI of Chile, whose election last year aroused so much hope of liberal reform in that

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country, has failed to show — according to a *Frankfurter Zeitung* correspondent — the stern fibre and persistence necessary to convert his fine dreams into realities. He has fallen afoul of Congress. The majority upon which he depended broke to pieces. He has had to bargain with his political opponents. The Senate has obstructed some of his favorite bills. As a result, he talks of resigning. Public finances are somewhat embarrassed, because the customs revenues, upon which the Central Government mainly depends, have decreased extraordinarily during the current crisis. It is proposed to introduce an income tax and to increase the present inheritance tax. Meantime, the Treasury is meeting the emergency by borrowing both at home and in the United States.

The Government is paying great attention to the improvement of communications and the promotion of foreign trade. Fresh fruits are being shipped to the United States for the first time. In order to relieve the acute unemployment situation, the authorities have undertaken extensive harbor works. The electrification of the Government railways has already begun. This involves the establishment of hydro-electric power stations, which will relieve the country — to a considerable extent — of its dependence on foreign coal. The American Westinghouse Company is at present engaged in electrifying the line from Santiago to Valparaiso. New lines connecting Chile and Argentina are under construction.

A compulsory-education law has just now been enacted after years of agitation. The recent census was something of a disappointment. On December 15, 1920, Chile had 3,754,723 inhabitants, of whom over half a million reside in Santiago, the capital city. There are twenty-six towns in the Republic, with over ten thousand inhabitants.

After-dinner speeches, especially when they fall from the lips of diplomats, sometimes contain more courtesy than candor. Still, after discounting the amenities required by the occasion, the following remarks by the Minister of Chile to England, at a recent dinner given in his honor in New York, are pleasant testimony to the growing consciousness of common interest and the increasing mutual confidence which the war, and the new intimacies fostered by the Panama Canal, are cultivating in the Western Hemisphere.

There is an American sentiment that unites all of us who have had the good fortune to be born in this vast continent; we are inspired by something great which I have no hesitation in calling continental patriotism. We have for America a continental love that does not exist in any other continent. From Alaska to Cape Horn, wherever we go, we Americans of the north or of the south feel the pleasant and unmistakable sensation of being at home. . . .

There was a time when Latin America was haunted by a spectre called Anglo-Saxon Imperialism. I do not, and never did, believe in ghosts, and when I hear of one I want to see and touch it. So, a good many years ago, I came to this country to see a 'close-up' — if you will excuse this pictorial expression — of the nation that was going to trample all over the peoples of Latin America. And what I saw was a great nation worshiping two idols, liberty and democracy, and working whole-heartedly at the task of conquering their own territory. 'That,' thought I to myself, 'will take them a few centuries!' The bogey had vanished at the first contact with the American ambient, at the first breath of reality. . . .

A century ago the intimate and friendly understanding which the illustrious Canning succeeded in establishing with President Monroe, consolidated the independence and the liberty of all the peoples of America. Canning's policy, turning to the New World as to a source of new life for the Old, ended — in close coöperation with Monroe — the machinations of the miscalled Holy

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Alliance and its sinister designs of conquest and reconquest in our continent. Tradition, then, and the very origin of the liberty which we enjoy to-day, both proclaim that Latin America has nothing to fear and much to hope from the harmonious coöperation of the two great Anglo-Saxon Powers.

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THE STEED-GOUVAIN CORRESPONDENCE

AMONG the interesting repercussions in Europe of the Washington Conference is a courteous exchange of opinion between Wickham Steed, editor of the *Times*, and special correspondent of that journal in Washington during the earlier stages of the Conference, and Auguste Gouvain, of the *Journal des Débats*. The latter journal is hostile to Briand. Mr. Steed, in a letter upon the French crisis, described — in a way to catch the attention of French, as well as British readers — the unhappy effect of the French militarist attitude in Washington upon American opinion, and the resulting isolation of France during the proceedings there. According to this writer, the French delegates to the Conference conceived the odd notion that it was intended as a formidable American offensive against Great Britain and her naval supremacy. Consequently, an opportunity would be offered France to act as arbiter between these two nations. This prevented a prior agreement between the British and French delegates regarding their programme at the Conference. The incident concluded with a letter from Mr. Steed to the *Journal des Débats*, from which we quote the following paragraphs: —

Although the French delegation to Washington did not appreciate the fact, it was for the interest of both England and France that that Conference should be a complete and an immediate success. Such success depended upon close collaboration in thought and action between the French and British delegations, for the purpose of promoting — in a disinterested way — the success of the great American proposal. That would have reconciled the American people to international coöperation, at least to the extent of helping to restore our shaky economic system in Europe.

But at Washington the French delegation took precisely the opposite attitude. From the opening of the Conference, it was evident how unfortunate this was. First, we heard Briand pleading eloquently for France against a reduction of land armaments, and defending the thesis that so long as France lacked security on her eastern frontier, she must have a powerful army ready to strike at any moment. He further expressed the fear of seeing France morally isolated.

Just then certain ill-advised European statesmen had the unhappy idea of sounding official sentiment in Washington on the subject of appending an economic and financial conference to the original Conference. This occurred the day after the French Naval Committee presented its remarkable memorandum, claiming for France the right to build a battleship fleet stronger than that of Japan.

People in France appear to have no idea of the disastrous effect of this demand upon American public opinion. They seem to have regarded the feeble reflection in the American Press of the indignation it aroused, as the result of a malevolent campaign against France. The truth is that the American Press, at the instance of the Government and of friends of France in that country, did its best to allay popular indignation.

Certainly that was no time to talk of an economic and financial conference at Washington. . . . American advocates of keeping the United States completely out of European affairs saw their arguments confirmed by the Europeans themselves. . . . At that time, nine out of ten of the letters, which arrived by thousands at the White House and the Treasury of the United States, urged the administration to demand an immediate liquidation of the European debts. . . . Under those circumstances there was only one thing to do, to avoid a complete economic break with America; it was to prove immediately that

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Europe was ready to take in hand its own restoration, and would try at least to lay the foundations for a betterment of its present condition. Since the representatives of France had complained in America that their country lacked military protection, because Great Britain refused to continue the guaranty proposed in the Versailles Treaty, it was necessary for England to renew that guaranty as soon as possible. . . . You say that the agreement (between Briand and Lloyd George) has been defeated by your legitimate resistance. That resistance has perhaps crushed at the same time the last hope of making the Conference at Washington a complete success, and of giving France a part in the success of that great American project.

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A NOTE ON THE CONCLAVE

REFERRING to the coming Papal election, which later elevated the former nuncio to Poland to that high office, the *London Outlook*, in its issue of January 28, observed: —

It would be shortsighted to assume that considerations of Church policy and spiritual considerations will not play a part in the Conclave, together with international politics. I therefore repeat the views of a somewhat disillusioned and cynical Roman Churchman under reserve. This dignitary thinks that the French cardinals will fight for an irreconcilable Pope, who shall undo the work of rapprochement with Italy. This, because a Holy Father, in agreement with the Quirinal, would not be so amenable to the French influence, lately, after much anti-clerical opposition in France, established through an ambassador at the Holy See. Along with France will go Belgium and Poland, my informant believes, and the Italian die-hards, who are already attacking Cardinal Gasparri for having informed the Italian Government that the Pope was dead. On the other side, the party favoring a liberal foreign policy and renouncement of the dream of the temporal power, will attract to itself the German and Austrian vote. It is a fact which our French friends will not fail to comment upon, that English support is likely to go to the latter, rather than to the former, group.

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'GREAT STRIDES AGAINST CANCER'

DR. C. W. SALEEBY, F.R.S.E., writing under this caption in the *Outlook*, records, with the endorsement of two distinguished experts, the great advance recently made in the use of Roentgen rays to combat cancer. Among the most notable achievements in this direction is the successful employment at Erlangen of rays of deep penetration, by which 'the scope of the Roentgen rays against cancer has been immensely extended.'

If the ordinary rays were limited in value because they could not penetrate, then more penetrating rays must be obtained. If 'soft' rays mixed with 'hard' ones might do harm, they must be eliminated, and so on. The results already obtained surpass anything yet in the records of the treatment of cancer. . . . Immense electrical power is required — a current of over 200,000 volts. When one holds up one's hand the rays are so hard that, instead of seeing the bones as usual, one sees merely a shadowy outline of the hand, and a thick aluminum plate scarcely casts a noticeable shadow at all.

Different types of malignant cell may require a different wave-length of ray to kill them. This must, and will be worked out. Thirty years ago, as Sir Oliver Lodge has lately pointed out in *Nature*, apropos of a letter of mine asking for an inquiry into the curative action of sunlight, he defined the exact wave-lengths of light most deadly to microbes — one wave-length kills, probably because it is absorbed; another does not kill, probably because it is not absorbed. Each kind of cell has its own special chemical molecules, with their own special vibration-period. Consider how you accelerate and amplify the vibration of a swing or stop it, according to the correspondence between the vibration of your pushes and its own vibration. Something of the kind is involved here, and we are only at the

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beginning, but I think it is the beginning of the end of cancer.

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THE SPANISH CABINET AND THE MILITARY JUNTAS

THE last ministerial crisis in Spain — or at least the latest at present writing — resulted in the overthrow of the Maura Coalition Cabinet, the middle of January. This cabinet had been in existence for five months, since Spain's disastrous reverse in Morocco last summer. Its fall was directly due to a conflict between the civil and military power, in which the army triumphed. The War Minister, Señor La Cierva, who before he assumed office was a stout defender of the officers' organizations he later tried to curb, made a determined effort to reform the army. He had dismissed certain officers for incompetence, thereby arousing the hostility of the military juntas, or unofficial officers' committees, which have played an important part in Spanish politics for several years. The Cabinet tried to dissolve the juntas, but the King refused to sign the decree. However, a split has occurred between the infantry junta, which is the most intractable, and those of the other arms of the service; and the nation also seems to be aroused against the effort of the army to usurp political jurisdiction.

Heraldo de Madrid criticizes the juntas, which, it says, embody

> the same anarchical principle which inspires revolutionary syndicalism. This principle is the negation of authority expressed through a regular organization of the coördination necessary for social life. Revolutionary syndicalism is frankly Communist and Equalitarian. . . . It is clearly opposed to individual self-direction and liberty. It does not shrink from coercion, violence, and crime, to overcome resistance and enforce its doctrine. The military juntas do not employ these means. They are composed of men of different moral and social antecedents. But they have used coercion against those of their comrades who were not willing to join them, conscious of the fact that they were undermining discipline, violating the spirit and the letter of the army regulations, and lowering the prestige of the army and the dignity of the State. They exercise this coercion by means of letters and circulars in which they try to convince the non-joiners that they are injuring the interests of the majority of their comrades.

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ARTIFICIAL COAL?

SCIENTIFIC — or pseudo-scientific — gossip in Europe seems to have dropped the enticing theme of producing artificial gold, to busy itself with a report that a Munich chemist has devised a method for making artificial coal. The sober and matter-of-fact *Indépendance Belge* devotes a leading article to an interview of its special correspondent with the inventor, in which the latter describes — with a prudent withholding of details — a series of unsuccessful and partially successful experiments with various carbon-bearing rocks; these resulted in a process — which he describes with equal vagueness — by which a plastic mass is produced which can be formed into briquettes, and become solid, after an exposure of twenty minutes to a temperature of about 140 degrees Fahrenheit. Government chemists, who have made retort tests of the new fuel, say that it yields a gas somewhat superior to that produced from anthracite coal. The inventor asserts that the raw materials which he employs are found abundantly in Germany, and that his 'artificial coal,' containing between sixty and ninety per cent of carbon, can be produced for about half the present price of true coal.

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VISCOUNT BRYCE, SCHOLAR AND DIPLOMAT

BY T. P. O'CONNOR, M. P.

From the *Daily Telegraph, January* 23
(CONSERVATIVE DAILY)

THERE was no man of his time so learned; there was no man of his time of steadier, more continuous, it might even be said feverish, energy; there was no man whom all kinds of educational institutes at home and in almost every country of the world delighted more to honor with every recognition it was in their power to bestow. He wrote abundantly, and well; he spoke abundantly, and well; and yet, somehow or other, he never seems to have achieved half as much as one would have expected. There was a want in him somewhere; it was perhaps the want of a personality that either dominated or attracted; he neither dominated nor attracted. His success in America was in this respect curiously in contrast with the position he occupied here at home. The American people were captivated with that personality, which was never much in evidence in his public life in England. If you listened with attention to any speech he made, you would find that every sentence came out well chiseled, that the argument was logical and closely knit, that the information was accurate and abundant; and yet you found that the audience to whom it was addressed never seemed to be touched or even struck by it. In the House of Commons, and even in the more tolerant atmosphere of the House of Lords, he always addressed audiences that were scanty and inattentive and unimpressed. Perhaps it was the somewhat harsh accent; perhaps it was a certain hardness of manner, or a certain remnant of the professor; whatever it was, Lord Bryce was at once one of the most assiduous, conscientious, hard-working, and instructed public men that England ever produced, and one who exercised least influence on men and on debate.

Yet he started with early triumphs. He was little more than a young graduate when the book he wrote on the Holy Roman Empire took all the universities by storm, and became a class book on the subject. If any man of his times could claim to be encyclopædic, it was he. He came of strong stock, partly from Scotland, partly from that other and kindred stock that dwells in Ulster. His grandfather was one of the sturdy rebels who refused to compromise when the *Regium donum* — an annual grant to the Presbyterians of Ireland — was introduced, in the days when there was concurrent endowment for all the Churches — for the Catholics in the big grant to Maynooth, for the Anglicans in the well-endowed and Established Church, and for the Presbyterians in this handsome subscription to the expenses of their Church. But the dour old Scottish minister who came from the Highlands held out, and would not compromise with the Mammon of unrighteousness in the shape of the endowment of religion by the State.

Bryce's political career began in the election of 1880, when he was returned for the Tower Hamlets; and from that time forward, though he never neglected his old studies, and was always adding to his vast stores of knowledge, and was, besides, an inveterate globe-

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trotter, politics was his chief occupation. He belonged to the school of philosophic radicals of whom Jeremy Bentham earlier, and later John Stuart Mill were the chief apostles. He spoke with some frequency in the Parliament of 1880; but he left no particular mark, and it was not till the short-lived ministry of Gladstone in 1886 that he got office for the first time. It was in the congenial atmosphere of the Foreign Office, of which he was made under-secretary. By this time he had changed a London constituency for the much more appropriate seat in Aberdeen; for though he had so many associations with Ireland, it was as a Scotsman that he always spoke of himself, and he was essentially Scottish in character.

He was in opposition with his party till 1892, and then he at last got real promotion; became Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, with a seat in the Cabinet, and later, in 1894, President of the Board of Trade. He worked for his departments always with those qualities of lucidity and full mastery of his subject to which I have alluded; but again he made no special appeal to the House. He was also active, especially when the Home Rule struggle became acute, on the platform; and again there were always the same clear, cold, logical, well-reasoned speeches.

During the long period of Opposition which succeeded the short spell of Liberal office, between 1895 and 1906, Bryce came to play a curious, and, in some respects, a prominent part. The Boer War had ripped open the Liberal party — a body of its most influential leaders, Lord Rosebery, Mr. Asquith, Sir Edward Grey, and Mr. Haldane, taking up a middle position between the Conservative Government and the Liberal party generally, that is to say supporting the war, but criticizing very severely its conduct by the Government. Even this split did not end the internal trouble, for Sir William Harcourt found himself in such hostility to the tendencies of Lord Rosebery — who as Prime Minister could claim the first place in the leadership — that he resigned his position of leader of the House of Commons, and brought Mr. Morley along with him in his self-denying ordinance.

Thus Campbell-Bannerman, who had been elected to the places vacated both by Lord Rosebery and Sir William Harcourt, was placed in a position of strange and almost pathetic loneliness on the front Opposition Bench. Sir William Harcourt sat by the side of Mr. Morley at the extreme end of the Bench on the one side; Mr. Asquith retained a position of isolation on the other; and in the middle, surrounded by a gulf, sat Campbell-Bannerman. He had but one man who always sat close to his side, and that was Bryce. I heard the two once compared to love birds, so lonely did they seem, and at the same time so close to each other. A man of greater driving-force and of greater magnetism than Bryce would have been bound to rush to the very front in such conditions; it was a race from which all the favorites had been scratched, and the prize was open to the outsider. When the ministry of Campbell-Bannerman was formed in December 1905, Bryce got his reward; he was appointed to the high and difficult office of Chief-Secretary for Ireland. He was known as a stout friend of the cause of Home Rule for many years; was able, conscientious, and extraordinarily industrious, and had a power of making up any and every subject with a promptitude and thoroughness that looked almost miraculous.

But when the time came, Bryce found himself confronted with some of the consequences of the long and bitter split in the Liberal ranks, and almost as much by the circumstances in which

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the reunion had been brought about as by the original cause of difference. For the healing of the split had come suddenly, when Mr. Joseph Chamberlain raised once more the old controversy between protection and free trade; and under the impulse of that attack on what was then considered the very ark of the Liberal covenant, the two sections of the Liberal party once more came together and made a solid front in defence of the free trade principle. But it was regarded as one of the necessary conditions of such a reunion that all the strength of the Liberal party should be concentrated on getting such a verdict on this fundamental issue as might be considered final. This again led to the temporary withdrawal of any other issue on which the party could not hope to act in perfect unison. Home Rule in the Gladstonian sense was one of these issues, and the Liberal Leaguers — as they were called — began by excluding Home Rule. Thus there was the strange spectacle of a Liberal majority of 300 in the House of Commons, 99 per cent of whom were in favor of Home Rule, precluded by the declarations of their leaders from dealing with a question on which they had no real division of opinion.

But with eighty Irish Nationalists in the House of Commons and with the general acceptance of the principle of Irish self-government by the overwhelming majority of the party, it was impossible for the Government to refuse to touch the question in one form or another. It will be seen that when Bryce, as Chief-Secretary, was entrusted with the duty of proposing a measure of self-government which might give some satisfaction to Irish sentiment on the one side, and yet not be Home Rule on the other, he had a sufficiently difficult task. And he was not the man to diminish these difficulties by his own temperament. I have known few men in public life so wanting in suppleness. Once I saw him, as chairman of a meeting in which every other member except one was against him, beat down the attempt to pass a resolution of which he disapproved by sheer obstinacy and inexhaustible tenacity.

The measure he proposed for Irish self-government was called the Irish Councils Bill. It was a very pale reflex of what the Irishmen demanded — an almost immeasurable descent from the full parliament and the responsible executive which figured in the two Home Rule bills of Mr. Gladstone. The Irish members were furious, and they expressed their disappointment in no measured language to Bryce. They expressed these feelings to another man, who, though an Irishman, had many of the same faults as Bryce — Sir Anthony, afterwards Lord McDonnell. McDonnell, after a career of great distinction in India, had been brought by George Wyndham back to his native country to take part in its always difficult task of Irish administration. Trained in the traditions of Anglo-Indian government, dealing with what was then native and submissive opinion, he saw no objection to the limitations on self-government which were to be found in the proposals of Mr. Bryce. Of the discussions which occupied weeks between Mr. Bryce and Sir Anthony McDonnell, two only may be mentioned; as a historian of these times I must repeat them, for they stand out in my memory.

'One of my proposals,' said Bryce, 'is that a standing order should provide that the members of the council should not be allowed to stand, but should deliver their addresses seated.' To which McDonnell added that a provision which had been found useful in Indian assemblies might also be included, namely, that the members of the council should be forbidden to speak except

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from manuscript. Seated members speaking from a manuscript — such was the assembly proposed to Irishmen brought up and fed upon their memories of the glorious orations of Flood and Grattan in the old Parliament House in College Green. I well remember the answer which Bryce used to make to all the objections which the Irishmen made to these iron-bound proposals. He always wore a beard, and he had an exasperating look of inflexible certainty in his face, and you found yourself, as it were, with this beard waved in your face while he was arguing, or rather asserting the case for his proposals; until one day in my wrath I called him — but I dare not repeat what I said, especially now that he has disappeared beyond the judgment, favorable or unfavorable, of men.

I was on terms of close and intimate friendship with Campbell-Bannerman, and he was always in the fullest sympathy with the Irishmen, after he had found salvation on Home Rule — to use his own characteristic phrase. With all his transparent personal honesty, there was a certain touch of the Voltairian irony of the Scotsman of the same age as Hume and the other eighteenth-century men of letters. I met him accidentally in the reading-room of the House of Commons one day, poured forth my complaints and misgivings as to Bryce, and then he said meaningly that perhaps the difficulty could be solved by the appointment of Bryce to a high position abroad, for which his great gifts eminently qualified him. I knew that the Embassy at Washington was vacant; I understood the hint, and literally, like a young lover rushing to the side of his bride, I flew to my colleagues to tell them the good news that we were about to be relieved of the incubus of Bryce's impossible Chief-Secretaryship. His Irish Councils Bill was considerably modified under the much more genial control of Mr. Birrell, but the measure, born so inauspiciously, died under the violent outbursts of Irish feeling against it.

And then began what was the most useful and most successful of all the enterprises in which Mr. Boyce was ever engaged. No man's history or character or attainments more fitted him for the position of Ambassador of England in the United States. He had written the best work ever produced on the history and constitution of the United States — a work which has passed into a classic. He was also well acquainted with America by having traveled there a good deal — indeed, there was scarcely any part of the world which this inveterate globe-trotter had not seen. But there was one quality he possessed which above all made a direct appeal to the American public. There is no nation in the world that has so inexhaustible an appetite for listening to speeches, and especially speeches from which they hope to get instruction. It is a nation of people that in a sense never ceases to go to school. Its speech-making accordingly has a seriousness — sometimes one might even venture to call it a portentousness — which is unknown to us, except in the hall of the college or the university. Of that kind of speaking Bryce was a greater master than any man of his time. His vast learning, his astounding memory, his experience from first hand of so many lands — all these things gave a series of topics that could never be exhausted even in two lifetimes as long as even his long tale of years. Add to this that he had quite inexhaustible physical energy. Even when he was approaching eighty he rushed through the streets — always, even in cold weather, in a light overcoat — at a pace that made men half his age breathless.

To him, therefore, it was neither a bore nor a hardship to travel even the

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immeasurable distances of such a vast continent as America. If a college in New Hampshire invited him to address them, it did not prevent him, sometimes within the same week, from going to another college down in the far South, though the distances traveled might be as great as from London to Petrograd. In short, he was a man after America's own heart, and it was no surprise that she gave him an admiration that was perhaps never given to any British Ambassador before.

The only criticism that was ever made on the ambassadorial labors of Lord Bryce in America came from those who questioned his handling of the trade problems which arose in an acute form in Canada, when Sir Wilfrid Laurier appealed for more unrestricted relations between the trade of Canada and the United States. Lord Bryce was an uncompromising free trader, but he was so cautious a man that it may well be doubted whether he ever committed himself to any transaction in the negotiations between Canada and America which went outside the narrow boundaries of his duties as an Ambassador.

When Lord Bryce at last returned home after this remarkable epoch in his life, he took up old duties with the same zest and unconquerable vitality as in the days before his exile. A student of German and an admirer of Germany before the war, he was, all the same, one of the first to recognize the fundamental issue between his own country and Germany as that between civilization and the rebarbarism of the world by the triumph of Prussian militarism, and he set to work with characteristic energy to do his bit in fighting the foe. He presided over the patient inquiry which established the horrible truth of the German atrocities in Belgium. He also became president of an important committee of members of both Houses of Parliament which met periodically a similar delegation from the French and afterwards the Italian Parliaments.

He continued in intervals between these different epochs to take those little excursions into lands hitherto unexplored by him, visiting the States of South America; and to see things was followed in him always by the impulse to write about them. He once said to me quite calmly, as if it were nothing in particular, that he was engaged at the same time in writing three books, and this in the midst of hundreds of other occupations. Like his speeches, they were full of information; they were written in what I may call pedestrian English, and probably will not live. They may be taken as proofs rather of incessant activity, of ever lively interest in everything human, and as the observations of an impartial observer and a cold intellect.

Such was the man, such the career. It was an honorable and distinguished one, full of edification as the example of a man who was unresting in the pursuit of what he considered his ideals. Rigidity of conviction, decorum of life, splendid appreciation of the value of time, of the call of duty, these were its virtues. What was lacking was that little touch of glow and originality which distinguishes great gifts from the genius which burns itself into men's souls and warms their innermost hearts. But I must not end with these words, which may seem out of harmony in the story of much honest effort.

For I have to add to his record of good and tenacious work his life-long defence of the oppressed in every land, and, above all, of the butchered and plundered people of Armenia. No man ever did more for the Armenian cause than he, and the Armenians owe no man greater obligations for untiring service in their cause.

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ABYSSINIA, THE HOME OF SLAVERY

[We print below three articles, written lately by two correspondents in Abyssinia, which have attracted much attention abroad and have been noted in the American Press.]

From the *Westminster Gazette, January* 18, 19, 20
(London Liberal Daily)

Abyssinia is the only remaining free and independent native State in Africa. It is also the last home of open slavery. In its capital, Adis Abeba, there are more slaves than free men. The British Legation itself is full of slaves, owned by the Legation servants, who would not take service if they were not allowed to bring their chattels with them. The Legation compound is British soil, yet not only do slaves who enter it not become instantly free, but if they have escaped from their owners, their owners can and do enter it without hindrance to recapture them. That is an odd enough fact; but a still odder one is that a great many of these slaves are British subjects, captured by slave-raids into British territory. Slave-raids, however, require rifles and ammunition, and as France, England, and Italy have bound themselves under the Arms Convention of 1919 not to supply munitions to the Abyssinians, it is only America who is now importing, or seeking to import, arms into the country — arms destined mainly to fill the great Abyssinian slave-markets. At this moment a large consignment of American cartridges and automatic rifles is lying at the French port of Jibuti, awaiting the consent of the French authorities to its transport into the interior; and there is reason to believe that the French authorities, not being very much in love themselves with the Arms Convention and fearing an 'incident' with the American Government — which probably knows nothing at all of the affair as yet — may shortly give their consent.

So scandalous a state of affairs has not, of course, arisen suddenly. It is only a natural outcome of the general conditions which exist in Abyssinia today; and the situation cannot be explained or understood without some reference to the recent history of the country. Abyssinia owes the preservation of her independence partly to the inability of the neighboring Powers to agree on any line of policy as to her future, and partly to the great natural capacity and enlightenment of the Emperor Menelik, who ruled the country for nearly a quarter of a century from 1889 to 1913. Menelik built Adis Abeba, laid out metaled roads, promoted the construction of a railway from the coast, installed a system of telephones, built bridges and corn mills, introduced a water supply, issued an edict against slavery, established a bank, a school, and a hospital in the capital, and imported teachers and doctors from Egypt and elsewhere. Above all, he established a system of law and order throughout the country, and maintained his authority over the provincial governors and subchiefs. But no sooner had he died, nine years ago, than his work fell to pieces with almost incredible rapidity, and already Abyssinia has relapsed into a state that approaches barbarism. The roads have been left unrepaired, the bridges have crumbled, the water mains have become choked up, the mills are mostly out of order, except a few, which have been sold to foreigners, the hospital is in ruins, the school has practically ceased to func-

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tion, and the great trunk-telephone system is monopolized by the present Regent for his own private use. The Central Government exercises no authority that is worth mentioning at a greater distance than ten miles from the Palace; and in the capital itself the inhabitants enjoy little or no security either for their persons or for their possessions, so that even the Legations have to be constructed more like forts than like private residences.

The remnants of the Menelik civilization are steadily disappearing. No Abyssinian nowadays, for example, from the Regent to the lowest slave, adopts the slightest measure of ordinary sanitation. The road through the Royal Palace at Adis Abeba, up which the Foreign Ministers with their glittering staffs pass to pay their court to the sovereign to whom they are accredited, is littered with nauseous and malodorous filth. The open spaces in the Palace grounds serve as a mere latrine for the thousands of waiting soldiers, suitors, and attendants with which they are normally crowded.

Meanwhile, in the provinces there is no pretence of the maintenance of order. Brigands abound, and between brigands and local chiefs — owing merely nominal allegiance to the Central Government — there is often not much to choose. If life and property are not safe in the capital, they are still less safe anywhere else. In the days of the Emperor Menelik a child might leave Adis Abeba with his cow and drive it to the confines of Abyssinia without fear of molestation. To-day it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that even a European picnic-party cannot afford to be without lethal weapons. And if a slave ventures outside his master's compound, he is liable to be captured and resold in some distant market. In short, there is nothing in Abyssinia that can be described as 'order,' and as for the 'law,' it is quite useless to appeal to it unless the complainant is rich enough to purchase the justice he seeks, and even then it may still be useless if the defendant happens to have a powerful protector.

Abyssinia is almost as large as France and Germany combined; it is the home of an ancient 'Christian' civilization; and it is one of the richest countries in the world — richer, we believe, than any other country in Africa of similar size. Yet it is decaying. Vast areas are going out of cultivation, partly owing to brigandage and partly to slave-raiding. One of the writers recently passed through an outlying district, which, when he first visited it ten years ago, was a remarkably prosperous and populous country. The soil was so fertile that the hills were terraced for cultivation. To-day it is possible to march through this district for days without meeting a single human being; the terraces are still there, but the people who should be sowing and reaping are either dead or slaves in the capital. The whole countryside is abandoned to the jackals and the hyenas.

Slave-raiding and slave-trading have increased in Abyssinia by leaps and bounds during recent years, and to-day it is possible for any visitor to witness in Adis Abeba the worst forms of slavery that have ever cursed the Dark Continent — slavery open, cruel, and fiendish, unfettered by European interference and hardly discountenanced by the Foreign Offices of the European Powers.

Few people can realize all that slavery means. A slave, once secured, is a valuable asset who must be cared for and fed — as long as he is able-bodied — as carefully as a horse or a cow; and his actual physical existence need not be intolerable. But when we look at the slave-raiding and slave-trading which precede slave-owning and at all the horrors which these processes involve,

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the impossible cruelty of the whole system becomes apparent. The early morning raid by a hidden band on a peaceful sleeping village, the smoke of the burning huts, the cries of the women and children, the death or wounding of the men — all these things are still to be seen in all their pristine ferocity on both sides of the borders of Abyssinia.

Gangs of slaves, marching in misery, the men chained together in rows, and the women and children dragging themselves along beside the main body, can be seen by any traveler in Southern Abyssinia to-day. Some of these slaves are captured on Abyssinian territory, others in British East Africa, others in the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan. The gangs are not as large as they used to be, because the border districts have been depopulated. One of the writers of these articles has seen, with his own eyes, a convoy of ten thousand slaves marching toward the great slave-market of Jimma; and in the course of a single day's march along the trail he has counted the dead and dying bodies of more than fifty captives who have dropped by the roadside. For on such journeys there is no commissariat department, and those who carry no supplies can hope only for a merciful spear, since the alternative is death by thirst or by the teeth and talons of wild beasts.

Abyssinian raids into the country southwest of the Boma plateau in the British Sudan are constant, and within the last six months there have been several raids into the Kenya Colony. The depopulation of the border and the absence of adequate police forces tempt the Abyssinians to advance farther and farther; and on one occasion, at least, they have penetrated no less than 120 miles into British territory. In regard to certain incidents the British Government has claimed reparations, but it has never obtained the payment of a single dollar or the repatriation of a single British slave.

The border provinces of Abyssinia are controlled by gangs of robbers and slave-traders, who are responsible to nobody, though they occasionally pay tribute to the Central Government. Only the other day the Regent in Adis Abeba received a present of 140 slaves, most of whom were children, of both sexes, between the ages of six and fourteen, though a few were adult women with babies at the breast. And even the European inhabitants of the capital can hardly avoid becoming slave-owners. For if a slave is given to you you cannot emancipate him (or her) however much you may wish to do so. You may pay him wages to salve your conscience, but the process of emancipation is practically unknown, and if you set your slave free, he is certain to be captured and again enslaved by someone else.

From this difficulty there is no obvious way out. Short of a deliberate and comprehensive assertion of European authority, which could not be carried through without a very substantial demonstration of physical force, there appears to be no way by which the existing system of slavery in Abyssinia can be abolished. But there is one thing that is obviously possible, and that is the prevention of the importation of arms and ammunition. The Abyssinians possess millions of modern rifles, but their stock of ammunition has fallen very low indeed — possibly even as low as five rounds per rifle of the regular army — and when it is exhausted their power to raid and depopulate fresh areas, whether in British or in Abyssinian territory, will be destroyed at the same time. Munitions, therefore, are the crux of the whole question. The European Powers have contracted not to supply Abyssinia — amongst other African countries — with munitions, or

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with materials for their manufacture, but America, unluckily, has not signed the contract; and so it is to America that the Abyssinian Government has lately turned. Payment was made, in advance, three months ago, and the cartridges and automatic rifles, exported from the United States, are now lying at the port of Jibuti, in French Somaliland, which is the terminus of the Abyssinian railway, waiting, as we said above, the permission of another 'Christian' Government for transportation to their destination.

SECRET DOCUMENTS OF THE GERMAN GENERAL STAFF

BY NICOLA PASCAZIO

[*A compilation by General Ludendorff of General Staff documents, published in German under the title* Urkunden der Obersten Heeresleitung, *has been translated into French. Most of these documents relate to the conduct of the war itself; but several, as indicated below, describe the motives and purposes of the General Staff for several years prior to that event.*]

From *Il Giornale d'Italia, January* 18
(Rome Neutral Conservative Daily)

Ludendorff, who is residing — with all the honors of a military sovereign — among the Bavarian monarchists, has recently added to his writings upon the war a collection of documents of the German General Staff, whose five hundred pages are a veritable mine of surprises and confessions. These documents are designed to show that the General Staff performed its full duty in bringing German military efficiency to its highest point, and in preparing with scientific exactness, astounding punctuality, and horrible cynicism, for 'a war in 1914,' against the adversaries whom Germany actually fought. The point most clearly proved in this book is, that the German General Staff foresaw and planned the war long before 1914, and set that year as the date of its occurrence.

Ludendorff does not flinch from his responsibility. He says: 'These documents are selected from my papers, written when I was Chief of the Section of Concentration in the German General Staff. They show what solicitous care the General Staff exercised in putting the German Empire in a state of defence against the war which threatened.'

The first preoccupation of the Staff was to provide an abundance of munitions. On January 28, 1909, — please note the date, — von Moltke, its Chief, in 'secret letter N.14711,' wrote to the head of the War Office: —

> Referring to the reports of the recent inspections, I consider it necessary to provide a larger supply of munitions. Unless we do so, the army will face a lack of ammunition after the first great battle.
>
> My opinion is that we have no recourse but to bring every branch of the army to the highest point of efficiency, no matter what it costs, unless we are prepared for unhappy consequences from what is coming.

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Thereupon he proceeds to discuss rifles, telephones, camp kitchens, machine guns, and wireless apparatus.

On September 29, 1910, Stein asserted, in letter N.11153, with evident trepidation: 'The French have a larger quantity of shells per piece of artillery than we have. We must make every effort to add to our supply of ammunition.'

Since it was expected that there would be heavy fighting from the very beginning of the offensive, a prospective shortage of artillery ammunition was a source of constant solicitude. French rifles and machine guns were compared with those of the Germans, and automatic rifles were discussed.

On February 8, 1911, General Moltke's secret letter, N.1484, lists the siege-gun requirements for attacking fortresses, after the following introduction: —

In a war decisive actions follow in quick succession. Our artillery, therefore, should be strong enough to subdue, in the briefest possible period, the numerous strongholds on our western front and in the interior of the enemy's country, enabling us at the same time to concentrate guns for the reduction of two fortified areas of the first magnitude. It is needless to point out that we shall have to use heavy artillery as well as light artillery in our field operations. I leave out of consideration our eastern front. We cannot attack on more than one frontier. If we are prepared to subdue immediately the fortresses of France, we shall have enough artillery to confront the Russians. I consider that the larger quantity of ammunition for guns of medium calibre, and particularly for guns of the largest calibre, asked for, is absolutely necessary. We must keep constantly in mind the great strength of French fortifications, and the results of our artillery test of 1910.

A secret letter, N.13895, addressed by the General Staff to the Minister of War, on November 10, 1911, with regard to artillery ammunition contains these unambiguous words: —

We must be ready to make war at any moment. We are reaching that condition. We must, furthermore, be fully informed on all that relates to the conduct of a war.

The General Staff, in letter N.15246, dated November 1, 1912, considered the possibility of a long war against several adversaries. In regard to artillery, its objective was to have more than twelve hundred shells for every gun. Moltke concludes his letter with these words: —

I am firmly convinced that the last caissons of shells will decide the outcome of a great European war. We must be ready to face two adversaries, who when united are much superior in numbers to ourselves. We must have a larger supply of munitions than either of our enemies taken alone.

On July 1, 1910, the General Staff wrote to the Minister of War, in secret letter N.878: —

Our last *Kriegspiel* — 'war game' — at the General Staff, assumed a war where Germany was fighting France, Russia, and England combined. The General Staff made a trip after this test, to study the possibility of an invasion through Schleswig-Holstein.

In case of urgency, replacement troops ought to be used there; though usually such troops are reserved to fill the losses in the front lines.

What is the idea of arguing a point like this? It is to prevent an English landing. Every word in the memorandum, every phrase, gives the reader a definite impression that the writer foresaw what was coming and was preparing for it. In a letter dated Berlin, August 20, 1910, N.878, we read: —

Our political and geographical situation will force us to mobilize all the troops at our disposal, for a war which will decide the survival or the destruction of the German Empire.

So the immediate provision of replacement troops is a question of life and death for the State. A Govern-

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ment that is struggling to preserve its existence must throw into the balance all of its forces, all of its resources, if it hopes to do its duty to the country. So the General Staff laid its plans to meet an eventual English landing either in Schleswig or in Jutland.

On November 11, 1910, Moltke wrote in letter N.13077: —

I forsee the possibility, in the course of the next war, of a critical situation that will require tremendous efforts of us.

The aviation programme was the subject of long conferences and innumerable experiments by both the General Staff and the War Office. There are frequent references to France as the nation which was making the most effort to conquer the air. A secret letter of the General Staff to the War Office, dated October 26, 1912, N.12751, demands, as a minimum, that the air force shall reach the following strength by April 1, 1914: eight mobile squadrons for the fleet; twenty-eight mobile squadrons for the army, eight aviation parks, and eight reserve squadrons. Moreover, there must be nuclei for thirteen squadrons in garrison, at Cologne, Metz, Strassburg, and other cities named.

April 1, 1914, recurs many times in these documents. On that date there are to be aviation stations for every army corps. By that date it is proposed to be on an equal footing with France.

The defense of German colonies is minutely provided for. In a secret memorandum of June 1911, the advantages and disadvantages of direct cable communication are discussed. On June 30, 1911, the Chief of the General Staff wrote, in secret letter N.8428: —

If a European complication arises, we shall be placed at a still greater disadvantage. This condition, so embarrassing in time of peace, may become highly dangerous in time of war. In order to remedy our weakness here, I propose to conduct experiments immediately in direct wireless communication between Germany and her colonies.

France possessed a central station of great range in her Eiffel Tower. She had long since perfected a system of wireless communication with her colonies in Northern Africa, establishing substations that promised soon to put her in direct communication with the Congo and Madagascar. It would be necessary for Germany's wireless system to cover a radius of some thirty-five hundred miles. She could not count upon retransmitted messages from neighboring neutral countries in case of hostilities. If her sources of information were limited to what she received from neutral countries, she would incur the risk of having her military commanders inadequately informed of what was occurring in enemy territories. Ability to move the great armies employed in a modern war is contingent upon possessing perfect methods of communication — a world-wide information service. The most important sources of such information would be the great commercial centres of the United States. Consequently, the security of the Empire demanded the creation of powerful wireless stations in the German colonies — first of all in Africa. Moltke concludes a letter upon the subject with these words: —

From the beginning, the Prussian War Office has insisted upon adherence to the plan which it worked out four years ago. In any case it has championed that plan. In my opinion it will be assuming a very great responsibility to subtract from that plan, or to delay its completion for lack of funds.

In secret document N.579, dated Berlin, January 17, 1911, we discover a memorandum on the importance of utilizing photography, containing much technical information beyond the comprehension of a layman.

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Photography will be employed, (1) in the recognizance of the enemy's position; (2) to correct and complete topographical data; (3) to procure panoramic views and to determine distances and locations; (4) to increase the accuracy of artillery observation. Photography from land and from the air was discussed at length. The former method had enabled the Germans to obtain views of French frontier fortifications at a distance of nine miles.

In December 1911, the General Staff drafted a brilliant memorandum upon Germany's situation, in case a European war occurred in the immediate future. This memorandum was divided into the following chapters: the general military situation, reënforcing the army, reënforcing the reserves, adding three army corps to the forces available for a western offensive, strengthening the second line, increasing salaries, defense of German territory. We quote from this memorandum as follows: —

An armed conflict between two great European Powers will provoke a general European war. This will be the inevitable consequence of the treaties now existing among the different Powers. In such a general conflagration the Triple Entente will have at its disposal all the French forces on land and sea, unless some of the former are immobilized in Northern Africa; the British navy and a British military expedition; and finally, all European Russia, except such detachments as will be needed at home to suppress domestic disorders.

The Triple Alliance will confront the Triple Entente with all the land and sea forces of Germany, with the reserves elsewhere described, and with the land and sea forces of Austria-Hungary and of Italy. We may also hope for the aid of Rumania. Until there is a definite show-down between Austria and Serbia, the first of these two nations will be obliged, in case of war with Russia, to maintain forces on its Balkan frontier. It is probable, furthermore, that Rumania will be on a strained footing with Bulgaria, unless some satisfactory agreement is reached between the two countries.

The Balkan States are growing stronger; their influence upon the military situation of our Austrian allies, in case of a general European war, cannot be clearly foreseen.

It is certain that Austria will be compelled to count upon the appearance of new Powers in the Balkans. It is unquestionably necessary that her forces be strengthened. Until Italy has consolidated her new colonies, her military forces will be occupied, to a greater degree than in the past, in a direction which does not fall in with the larger political objects of the Triple Alliance.

In a war of the Triple Alliance against the Triple Entente, Austria will be forced, by the instinct of self-preservation, to throw all her weight against Russia, unless she is prevented by an offensive on the part of one or two of the Balkan Powers. Her recent rapprochement with Italy over the Albanian question will permit her to withdraw her troops for a short interval from the southeastern frontier, and this is a matter of no slight moment.

So far as Germany is concerned, she is committed to throw her full force into the conflict. Italy will not be vitally interested in a conflict between Russia and Austria. But Germany and Austria will be fighting for their lives, while Italy will be scarcely threatened. She will not be attacked outright, because neither France nor England will be in a situation, while engaged in a war with Germany, to divert an expedition against Italy. If that country guards her coast adequately, she will incur no serious danger. If she begins hostilities, she will naturally have to take the consequences. But it will not be for her a life-and-death struggle, as it will be for Germany and Austria, although she is a party to the Treaty. We must assume as a practical certainty, therefore, that she will not throw her forces into the conflict without some ulterior motive. Her campaign will be prudent and defensive.

My opinion in this matter was confirmed very recently by a conversation with a representative of the Italian General Staff, visiting Germany. Any excuse will seem sufficient in Italy's eyes to prevent her

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sending us the Third army, for whose transportation to the Upper Rhine we have prepared within the last few years. Therefore, we shall fall short five army corps and two cavalry divisions in our war with France. We shall stand alone, without the direct aid of our allies, face to face with both France and England.

According to the Germans, a settlement of the Balkan question, by alienating Italy from Austria, would weaken Austria, unless it resulted in an overwhelming victory for Vienna. Austria, at war in the Balkans, would inevitably suffer great losses and risk internal disintegration.

Austria is politically the most threatened of the three parties to the Triple Alliance; Germany is the most threatened from a military standpoint; Italy is the least threatened from either the political or the military point of view.

If a war occurs, beyond question its principal burden will fall on Germany's shoulders, surrounded as she is on three sides by her enemies. In spite of that, if this catastrophe befalls, we ought to determine the *casus belli* in such a manner that the whole nation will rush to arms with ardor and enthusiasm.

Admission follows admission, confirming charges which have been a thousand times denied by Germany's defendants.

It will be best for us to remain on the defensive on one frontier with weak forces, in order to be able to take the offensive on the others. The latter can only be against France. There we may hope for a speedy decision, while an offensive war on the Russian front will lead to nothing. However, in order to conduct a successful offensive against France, it will be necessary to violate the neutrality of Belgium.

So this is affirmed by the German General Staff two years before 1914!

We cannot hope to attack and defeat the French army in the open field by marching through Belgian territory. We shall find our route blocked by a British expedition, and, if we do not persuade the Belgians to negotiate, by Belgian forces. None the less, this movement promises better results than a frontal attack upon the fortified French frontier. The latter would reduce us at once to a campaign resembling the operations against a great fortress. It would take much time, it would rob our army of the drive and initiative which we need the more, because we shall be fighting so many enemies. If, as was the case twenty years ago, when we planned a joint offensive, Italy were ready to hurl herself into the war with the energy we then assumed, it would be possible to count with certainty upon the success of our combined offensive. Unhappily that is no longer the case. Italian aid will have no other result than to detain comparatively weak French detachments on her Alpine borders.

From its résumé of the respective strength of the two belligerent groups, the General Staff concludes as follows:—

Our estimate indicates that Germany suffers from an inferiority of one hundred and twenty-four battalions. If Belgium joins our enemies, the difference to our disadvantage will rise to one hundred and ninety-two battalions. The Italian army, in view of the fact that it will not engage actively in the war, is not counted. It is for that reason that the French army in the Alps, which confronts Italy, is also subtracted from the total.

If the Third Italian army were to move into Germany, the two allies would have a slight superiority. But we do not profit at all by Italy's maintaining two, or even twelve, army corps along her Alpine front. Although this is perfectly obvious, the whole Italian army would be concentrated there, ready for battle without being able to fire a shot. Germany must depend on herself to win a decisive victory. That means she must attack France with a slight superiority in artillery, and a heavy inferiority in infantry.

This is the tragic history of the origin of the European War, as disclosed without reservation or concealment by the German General Staff, and by the brain of that staff, General Ludendorff.

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THE TASK OF FRANCE ON THE RHINE

BY MAURICE BARRÈS

[The article which follows is the substance of a reply to the article by René Lauret which we printed in our issue of February 4, under the title 'France on the Rhine.']

From *La Revue de Genève, January*
(Swiss Political and Literary Monthly)

In my eyes, the essential and permanent feature of our policy must be to maintain between Prussian Germany and the countries lying west of it a zone of law, order, and peace, where the higher ideals of humanity can flourish unrepressed. I am convinced on that point. Every nation is interested in the maintenance of a district along the Rhine where there shall be mental and spiritual disarmament.

The English are talking just now of the geographical reasons which compel them to require certain guaranties from Ireland. The English will not give Ireland unqualified independence because that country is so near to their own. We have geographical arguments to consider in our relations with Germany. We do not yield a particle on this point: the Rhine country must be a safety zone for France.

That is the logic of France. But how are we to formulate it as a practical programme and how are we to apply it?

France wishes peace. She does not wish to create in the Rhine country a centre of revenge, rebellion, and revolt. She wishes to chain the spirit of force cultivated there by Prussia, and to unchain the fettered native spirit of the country. France does not wish the Rhineland to be either French or Prussian, but Rhenish. No annexation from either side. France is conscious of the great pacifist rôle that she is now called upon to play. I venture to recall the fact that I wrote to this effect early in the war, and I shall quote a few paragraphs from an article that I published in April 1915, entitled: 'We must Enlarge our Nationalism.'

'The Germans are disciples of teachers and philosophic schools that have taught them a myth, in obedience to which they order their lives; they have set forth in its name to conquer the world by force of arms, and to offer to their delusion a sacrifice of bleeding victims. They are fighting for a belief, a faith. Their action does not lack a certain moral grandeur. But how true is their faith? We assume, offhand, that it is false; for it leaves no place for us and seeks to exterminate us. We naturally fight to survive. Germany wishes to seize France, to absorb and annihilate our nation. But we who know the rôle that France has played in the world, are convinced that our people are charged with an eternal mission.

'Every nation has been assigned its special rôle in history, has been commissioned to teach mankind certain truths. And Germany has united the world against her, precisely because she denies that other nations have this mission.

'We French have never been content to be imprisoned within a narrow theory. We are alive and we do not wish to be shut inside a formula. Our ability to see the good in others is a

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magnificent gift. Why are the Germans so generally detested? Because they deny that anything is good which they do not originate. Why are we loved? Because we love others and see their virtues. When peace finally dawns, and the world enters an era of greater freedom, our gift for understanding others will have a wider field of action than ever before.

'. . . I want to go on record at the present time — in the very midst of the shock of horror which the crimes of this generation of Germans produce in all of us — as admitting that the Germans have their virtues, and as not rejecting all they have produced. The right attitude should be not to accept Germany's culture *en bloc*.

'There have been years when some Frenchmen, instead of utilizing Germany's contributions to the world's thought and knowledge to enrich their native culture, as is proper and natural, were moved — usually by university prejudices — to underrate and despise their native culture and to sacrifice what is best of our own to what came to us from beyond the Rhine. We have often debated whether Renan was a greater or a smaller man for having exchanged the faith of his fathers for the philosophy of Hegel. I am inclined to believe that his true sin against the intellect was in stopping halfway, and thereby failing to bring about that reconciliation between science and religion, which shall terminate the eighteenth-century attitude that still endures among us. "Wait until the natural affinity of science and religion unites these in the mind of a single man of genius," exclaimed Joseph de Maistre; and our sorrow and disappointment is that Renan, gifted with this double treasure, turned aside from a task he might have accomplished.

'It is clear that some French workingmen in adopting the teachings of Karl Marx, and certain dilettantes in their infatuation for Wagner, and a few eccentrics who applaud the delirium of Nietzsche have betrayed their own country. They have not fulfilled their duty toward her. They should have foreseen that they were preparing the way for our conquest by *unser Gott*, for the Mephisto from beyond the Rhine, for that satanic deity who leads on his barbarous battalion, shouting: "Thou hast sold me thy soul. I come to take possession." And is he not right? He believed that he had led the French astray from their true and primitive nature. You know the contract recorded in the first pages of *Faust*, the sacred book of Germany, where the Eternal says to the Devil: "You are granted full freedom. If you lead this soul astray from its true nature, you may possess it to have and to hold."

'Thank God the Old Boy has been utterly fooled again. Again he is forced to cry, as he does in the last page of *Faust:* "How's this? Am I cheated? They have vanished, they escape me! I have been robbed of a rare and priceless treasure, of the great soul which sold itself to me. I am duped, but I richly deserve it, for I have managed stupidly."

'After the war, it will be the task of the French mind to teach the German mind, which has blundered stupidly, a little common sense and a truer conception of its real purpose in the world. We shall advance to the Rhine in order to talk more intimately to the various German tribes, and we shall be more faithful than ever to the universal mission of our literature.

'Honest Frenchmen have hitherto objected to close intellectual intercourse with Germany. Both self-respect and prudence counsel a conquered nation to withdraw into herself, and to disassociate herself from her conqueror. Since our victory on the Marne, however, the

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situation has suddenly changed. We are now in a position to accept and to reject, to regard things German with a calm mind, to escape from the obsession of her false prestige, to take what we like and to pass over what we like.'

So I wrote in April 1915. And I fancy that those lines are enough to destroy, or at least to make independent thinkers doubt, that caricature of nationalism which it is quite natural that the people beyond the Rhine should try at times to substitute for our true nationalism. Here is the mainspring of our present programme. It is the starting-point from which I have developed that Rhine policy which has been approved by so many Rhineland natives, and even by some of their patriotic societies.

I stand by that policy. My readers will see that it is not a new idea adopted for the emergency, but a long-cherished faith, proclaimed in the darker moments of the war. We should shape our conduct on the Rhine, not by a hard and fast rule, or a dry and narrow code of conduct, or fear for our own safety, but on the broad basis of a pacification. There are two reasons for that: the first concerns the world at large. The world is thirsting for peace. British newspapers and British statesmen are constantly dinning that into our ears, and it is true. America thinks only of that. We must keep pace with the world. The second reason is purely national. Our policy should be worthy of a great conquering nation which has not fought alone, but which has fought the war from its beginning to its end. We have been the brain of the war. We should now be the brain of peace.

Our Rhineland policy should be infused with a longing for peace. It should be free from a spirit of conquest, and from a spirit of blind hostility to Germany. We must study ways to bring our influence to bear definitely, practically, and efficaciously along the Rhine. We must have guaranties that are true guaranties.

During the Peace Conference at Versailles, Marshal Foch recommended securities desirable from the exclusively military point of view. In his eyes the question assumed this form: How can we be assured of control over certain bridges across the Rhine? He gave his answer. It was rejected. The French Government — in agreement with its Allies — adopted a different solution. In practice that solution has proved inadequate. We must strengthen it by some other device. I agree with Lloyd George in recognizing that under the circumstances, and after a long war, purely military measures may merely irritate without accomplishing their object. But we must carry Lloyd George's idea a step farther. In our age, the only effective guaranties are economic. We must have, on the Rhine, economic guaranties that are practical and certain. Guaranties are not war weapons, but pledges. England wishes economic peace. She believes the life or death of her industries depends upon restoring business. Admitted. We do not want to ruin German industry or to interrupt commercial intercourse between countries. But it is a question of life or death with us to hold on the Rhine practical and effective guaranties that assure us a zone of safety and the pacification of Germany; that enable us to guard with confidence against elements of trouble and hostility along the Rhine and beyond that river.

My policy does not aim to assure French preponderance in the Rhineland nor to impose oppressive burdens on Germany. Its necessary complement would be a liberal and lofty policy toward Germany herself. We hear much talk of democratic Germany. What is

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that democracy? Who are the democrats? No one knows exactly, and I do not believe there are many people in the world who have a clear idea of the present political evolution of that country. All we know is that there are labor parties, that desire to work quietly and peacefully. Let us listen to the voice of these people. Our Rhine policy should include a policy of encouraging the pacifist elements that are fighting beyond the Rhine against the Prussian spirit.

I readily grant to René Lauret that the Prussian spirit is not confined to Prussia, that it manifests itself beyond the frontiers of that kingdom; but the Prussian spirit represents something characteristic and definite in the eyes of the Germans. To convince himself of that, the reader need merely consult a remarkable pamphlet by Oswald Spengler, entitled, 'Prussianism and Socialism.' Prussianism has been unable to attain its object by military force and is striving to do so by industrial means. Spengler exclaims: —

'I appeal to young men. I appeal to all who have marrow in their bones, and blood in their veins. Educate yourselves. Be men. We want no more ideologies. We want no more fine phrases about *Kultur*, or the universal commonwealth, or the moral mission of Germany. Be strong. We need a critical sense that shrinks from nothing. We need a class of Socialist masters. Let me repeat, Socialism is power, power, and again power. Programmes and ideals count for nothing without power. The road to power is plainly marked before you. It means the united action of all who have value in the German working classes, shoulder to shoulder with the ablest champions of the old Prussian conception of the State, both firmly resolved to found a strictly Socialist Government, to create a democracy in the true Prussian sense; and both parties united by a common sentiment of duty, by a consciousness of their high mission, by a well-controlled will to obey in order to rule, to die in order to conquer, and strong enough to endure the fearful sacrifices demanded to accomplish that for which we are born, for which we exist, without which we should be nothing.'

What do you say to this? These words were written in 1920, after Hohenzollern Prussianism was already bankrupt. This pamphlet, proclaiming the monstrous idea that the German Social Democracy should carry forward the principles and policies of the Hohenzollerns, was written by the most popular and famous writer in Germany. His words are greedily read by all his fellow countrymen, and pass for the mature judgment of a master mind. Note well, that Spengler is a Prussian through and through, but not a Socialist. Stinnes may be considered the inspirer of this doctrine.

So every friend of peace should rally against this Prussian solidarity, in time to save the world from its tragic consequences. We should foster anti-Prussian federalism in Germany.

These are the thoughts I have urged on many Germans; and I know that many of them have always held the same ideas, even during the long supremacy of Bismarck's influence — an era whose megalomania and vanity they comprehended only too well. On the first of December I visited Trèves, to be present when the Allies entered that noble city on the Moselle, and on my way back to Metz, when passing the little village of Igel, I did not fail to pause long enough to visit its famous Roman monument under the nut groves, on the hill Goethe describes so well, which we other natives of the valley have the right also to claim as a national

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shrine. I said to myself: "T is around these ancient stones, and on the soil from which they came, that we hear most plainly the age-old heartbeat of the Rhineland. Here, in some day to come, we shall assemble the choicest minds of that fair country, to meet in recognition of the fact that, descended as we are from the same parents, and born with the same ideals and habits of mind, we ought to labor together for the objects which our common unity bids us seek.

'The task of France is just and easy. Let our benignant sojourn in these liberated territories revive the latent kinship that awaits us. Let us awaken this sleeping princess.'

That should be the spirit and purpose of French nationalism.

TRUSTS AND INTERNATIONAL COMPETITION

BY ALFONS GOLDSCHMIDT

From *Die Neue Rundschau, January*
(Liberal Literary Monthly)

In all great industrial countries, the democratic *Kartells* or pools, which gave private enterprises a small degree of liberty inside a loose alliance, had for the most part disappeared before the war. It is true we continued to organize so-called pools. All great industries adopted this device; but the nature of these groups had changed, because competition continued inside the pools and with their help. This was a struggle of 'free economic forces' to lessen capital risks, to check the decline of profits, to stabilize earnings, to put investments on a sure interest-making basis. Pools helped to decide this struggle in favor of their larger constituent members. Finally, the bigger companies in the pools broke through the walls of this chrysalis, and began to absorb enterprises in allied fields of production. This did not end at a single stroke the horizontal concentration of industry, but it did deprive that process of its vital principle. Business enterprises of the first rank submitted to pool policies, only so far as these helped them to make outside conquests. In Germany we saw the more powerful corporations in the Coal Syndicate, in the Steel Works Union, and in the big Iron Union, fighting to control those organizations, and at the same time utilizing them in the interest of their own expansion. True trust-making had already begun. First we had so-called mixed works, relatively small enterprises which endeavored to control every process of production, from extracting their raw materials to marketing their finished products.

None the less, business did not succeed in stabilizing earnings and guaranteeing profits and interest. Expansion was accompanied by an increase of output, heavier fixed charges, and decreased purchasing power at home; even the most powerful trusts were shaken by crises of overproduction, and were not ensured against the possibility of pass-

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ing dividends. They lacked a sure market. The outlet for their products was too small. So it became necessary to broaden that outlet. This gave big industries in Germany an imperialist character. The fight for the first place among their fellows, and for sure returns upon their capital, was transferred from the home-market to the world-market.

Moreover, pools were not merely fomenters of discord at home; they were increasingly called in as the allies of great industries in their imperialist campaigns abroad. The struggle for the world-market assumed a different form from the struggle for the home-market, but the motives and objects of both were identical. Big industry invaded the world-market as a forepost of all the nation's industries. We began to have a struggle for supremacy between the combined industries of nations acting as units.

Pools organized on a democratic basis were also used as weapons in this international competition, but the pool for conquering the world-market was a much looser organization than the pool for conquering the domestic market. It was a congenitally frail creature with little vitality. Imperialist forces soon showed that they were too explosive, too expansive to be held in by such fragile bonds. This was illustrated by the international rail-pool and by the transatlantic shipping-pools. The great industrial trusts employed the pools to which they belonged at home to promote their own expansion. Ruinous competition arose in the world-market. In order to preserve capital intact, prices were raised to domestic consumers. This still further weakened the consuming power of the domestic market. Periodically we had double crises, when both the home-market and the world-market were glutted with goods. In such cases, industry confronted overproduction both at home and abroad, and the threat to the integrity and to the profits of capital became immeasurably more serious.

So instead of diminishing risks and stabilizing returns upon investments, this evolution increased risks and imperiled even the principal of investments. At the same time it stimulated trust-making, that is, the process of annexing and buying up competing enterprises. Thereby it added heavily to the financial overload of production. This process passed through essentially the same phases in all great industrial countries. Its forms and phenomena varied according to local legislation and local conditions, but the economic impulse, the motive-force, and the object were identical. The process of diverting the danger to colonial markets was too slow, consequently crises became increasingly violent and the prospect of conquering the world-market, so as to stabilize earnings by peaceful competition, grew dimmer.

Inevitably, therefore, the economic struggle to diminish capital risks produced a political conflict. Governments became more and more openly procurers for capital. No agreement between rivals came about. Every great international pool represented an attempt at such an agreement; but all of them, as we have just seen, failed. Under such circumstances, diplomacy was helpless to prevent a war. It might perhaps have postponed the conflict. But unless nations or national industries were able to combine into single business enterprises, single firms, with definitely allotted spheres of production and markets, war was unavoidable.

Logically, this war could not be other than a continuation of the old struggle to guarantee interest, of the struggle to escape untold risks, to forestall the danger of a catastrophic decline in the rate of profit. The capitalist-imperialist

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urge toward war was very evident as early as 1908, when German and Anglo-American capital fell into a controversy over patents. A few years later the same urge revealed itself in Morocco and at Kief, at the Pan-Russian Export Conference. Only one thing might have drawn the teeth of this danger: a rising of the international proletariat against it. But there was no such uprising.

As a result, an armed conflict ensued for supremacy in the world-market. Two great business enterprises, nearly self-sufficient within themselves, faced each other. Throughout the actual fighting and under its stimulus, they constantly strove to reach the agreement which they had not been able to reach through international pools. Each business concern, both the Entente and the Middle Powers, did its utmost to attain economic independence within its own borders, in order to strengthen itself against its rival and to be ready — immediately the war was over — to seize the whole world-market. Big capital spreads like a net. We have an example of that in our great banking institutions. On both sides the battle line an effort was made to secure economic unity by establishing international chambers of commerce and international branches of business firms, and by international loans and communities of interest. The Entente and the Central Powers were nothing but armed and armored business firms, whose expansive forces, reflected in Government policy, were the same throughout the war as before the war. Since international business could not reach a peaceful agreement, recourse was had to arms. In other words, each business concern — the Entente and the Central Powers — endeavored to get its competitor under its economic control.

No longer was the object for which they fought a mere parceling out of the world-market, but a monopoly of the world-market. In our national pools big firms swallow up smaller firms. They employ the so-called democratic constitution of the pool for their individual ends. Smaller firms are forced to surrender the modicum of liberty they nominally enjoy under the democratic constitutions of the pools, in order to serve the monopolizing tendency of their more powerful associates. They are driven to the wall. The war was nothing else than a bloody repetition of this process.

When the war ended, Germany was confined for a time to industrial concentration at home. Her captains of industry could no longer dream of conquering a world-market. But defeat hastened the amalgamation of domestic enterprises. In particular, her mining industries were speedily and thoroughly combined into trusts. They must have additional sources of mineral supply and assured markets. So they united to resist the tremendous pressure from abroad and to surmount risks of bankruptcy and ruin far greater than those they fought so vigorously before the war. If they were to stabilize earnings in their limited territories, they must combine. Domestic competition must cease.

This concentration was greatly facilitated by the abundance of enemy capital placed at the disposal of our industrial leaders. The latter were paid cash for enterprises situated in the industrial districts which were torn from us, and for the mutilation which many of their undertakings thereby suffered. So German business received vast sums of ready money with which to finance its amalgamations. Great central establishments in different lines of production were combined, and weaker competitors were bought out. Thus a process, still in its earlier stages during the period of pre-war pools, rapidly

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culminated. Trusts grew in size and were clearly tending toward a single all-embracing trust. The principal engineer in this movement has been Hugo Stinnes. To-day the Stinnes Trust is the strongest and largest, the one which exercises the most powerful magnetic attraction upon its rivals. Whether against him or with him, German industry is becoming increasingly dependent on him, is grouping around him, and is thus developing into one mighty trust.

Trust-making in Germany, in addition to its final purpose of ensuring a fair profit and limiting business risks, seeks two main objects: to end competition at home, and thus to enable us to fulfil our obligations to the Entente. The trusts are therefore militantly hostile to what they call the 'enemy at home,' that is, the proletariat; but are ready to treat with the 'enemy without,' that is, the Allies. In other words, Big Business in Germany is trying to limit competition at home and to combine into a single unit, in order to get the proletariat completely under its control, and to reach an understanding with its great creditors abroad, that will free German industry from its war burdens. The Entente is eager to cooperate with Big Business in Germany, both in disciplining the German proletariat and in settling Germany's war debts in a business way. The Entente business world can always use duress under the Versailles Treaty, but it seeks to avoid that measure. It utilizes the existence of this power of duress, however, to force upon German industrialists the world-agreement, which both parties realize is necessary for their survival.

We saw that the war was the bloody by-product of the international struggle to monopolize the world-market. We saw that the purpose of world-monopoly is to stabilize the earnings of capital. This could not be accomplished through a democratic organization, such as international pools. So it must be accomplished by compulsory combinations. The outcome of the war must be utilized to guarantee profits and interest on capital. The Entente demands that, and German business men endorse it. They thus seek to eliminate rivalry in the world-market, to end forever competition for that market, and thus to ensure the profits of international capital.

As often happens during a period of recovery, debts and embarrassments promote a spirit of compromise. Under the threat of universal insolvency, capital is forced to reconcile itself to measures which it could not be persuaded to countenance in the days of its prosperity. The old rivals are carrying too heavy burdens to fight each other. Capital risks have been multiplied to an extent hitherto undreamed of, and consequently protection against those risks has become more imperative than ever. Wasteful methods of production during the war have left a vacuum into which prices plunge and reel. The fairly constant ratio between money and products, which to some extent stabilized the surplus values created before the war, no longer exists. Economic uncertainty has grown beyond conception; the need of surplus value has been increased by the war's effects.

The purchasing power of millions cannot fill the vacuum. As a result every modern manufacturing company is experiencing a crisis of unemployment, which signifies a new falling-off of production and curtailment of markets — or in other words, an enlargement of the vacuum. Never before have profits fluctuated so violently, or has it been so impossible to predict them. The reproduction of capital has been seriously imperiled.

Capital seeks to protect itself against these conditions by national and international trusts. For in the same way

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that trusts within a single country are designed to stabilize business conditions within that country, so international trusts are designed to stabilize conditions in the world-market. We here stumble upon a law which hitherto we have only faintly suspected, but which will soon be clearly demonstrated to the world. This law will teach us that capital is committing suicide; it will reveal intimidating prospects of ruin; it will prove so clearly that he who runs may read the truth — how unproductive, how extravagant, how backward is the present capitalist organization of business. I mean the law of trust agiotage, which involves an enforced, unescapable annihilation of an increasingly larger section of the human factor in production, the proletariat. This is a law of social senility and decline; and reverses our earlier belief that trust-making represents an automatic evolution toward a better State.

When international capital at Versailles, or at Wiesbaden, or in Upper Silesia, endeavors to bring about a compromise between antagonistic capitalist interests, it seeks to safeguard itself against a balance-sheet deficit. It strives to control the world-market in order to escape the play of vital economic forces. In other words, world-capitalism, which in its present form is a creature of the war, seeks to subordinate the worker to a single central authority, in order to ensure its own profits during its death throes. Every effort to control the rise and fall of foreign exchange and of commodity prices, in defiance of the natural effects of the vacuum we have described, is an effort toward a world-trust.

The particular object to which the compromise relates is immaterial — at least from the international standpoint, if not from the national standpoint. Looked at from the international point of view, it is merely a matter of book-keeping, of balancing assets and liabilities, which no future war or shifting of boundaries will affect. It makes not the slightest difference whether the object of the agreement is Germany or something else.

The war has marvelously accelerated business concentration. Only a few years ago national trusts were born with much travail. Now capital is forming trusts embracing all Europe, and is even trying to reach agreements at Washington covering all the markets of the globe. The law of increasing risks is forcing capital to make such arrangements. Capital must have agreements not only regarding money and credits, but regarding the demarcation of production areas and market areas. The Washington Conference is the first step toward the partition of the world.

However, commercial compromises and trusts are not enough. Capital cannot feel the vacuum, cannot surmount the crisis in markets and exchange, unless it enlarges its present trade outlets. Capital instinctively seeks to prolong its death throes by occupying ever broader areas. That is the meaning of colonial policies, of capitalist imperialism. Capital is constantly grasping for new fields of exploitation. It is compelled to force down wages, the income of producers, and thus to undermine the purchasing power of the whole world. It must buy cheap and sell dear. It thereby multiplies its own sources of disruption, but cannot do otherwise.

Versailles, Wiesbaden, Upper Silesia, and Washington, however, are not merely stages in a campaign of capitalist compromise, but also rallying points against Russia. Capital cannot continue to rule the world, unless it exploits the territories of the Soviets. Its liabilities to Soviet Russia have not vanished. They still weigh upon the capital of the world. The immense

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market extending from East Siberia to Poland is indispensable. Either by force of arms or otherwise, international capital will try to include Soviet Russia within its trust area. Russia is merely a colony from this point of view, but just at present the most important of all colonies.

It is impossible to predict, as yet, whether this struggle of international capital against Soviet Russia will be successful. If Soviet Rûssia survives and succeeds in reëstablishing production on a Socialist basis, she will become a determining factor in world competition. If Russia is conquered by capital, the latter will be forced by its need of profits to increase Russian production to the utmost. Whether in the hands of capitalists or not, Russian production is the mortal enemy of international capital. Nowhere does the law manifest itself so clearly as here; the more all-embracing and efficient and complete a trust is, the more recklessly does it exploit its resources. Trusts do not kill competition. They simplify and concentrate it until it becomes more terrific than ever. Eventually, production will be compelled to throw off this financial incubus of the trusts, because the time will soon arrive when capital cannot provide a market large and remunerative enough to carry that burden.

During the interval, we are certain to witness violent and perhaps decisive conflicts between imperialistic capital-groups. The fight to control the world-market will be fought between even more gigantic and efficient groups than those represented by the Entente and the Central Powers.

In spite of agreements and trust-building, we shall still have a war for monopoly. Its battle field will be as wide as the earth, and extend to the remotest colonies. A world-wide capitalist organization of production is inconceivable as a peaceful organization. The great groups which won the last war will pass away. We already see the outlines of new hosts lining up for battle. We already see the domain which French capital is staking out for its own — Germany, Poland, the Balkans, and the Ukraine; but clearer still are the designs of Anglo-American capital in Washington.

The Soviet Russian Revolution, interpreted as a phenomenon in world economy, is the effort of the Great East to liberate itself from the incubus of international capital, from the frightful slavery of providing a constant revenue for that capital. It is an effort to substitute a different and more rational system of production and distribution in its place.

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BACK TO NATURE — AN EXPERIMENT THAT FAILED. III

BY WILHELM RHENIUS

From *Vorwärts, December* 2–15
(Berlin Conservative Socialist Daily)

September 20–33: Madam Louisa has made a dreadful discovery when feeding her canary. Almost her whole supply of canary seed has been devoured by mice or other animals. Even if she puts her pet on short rations, her supply will be soon exhausted. She is inconsolable. She could hardly feel worse if she were bringing up her own baby on a bottle, and our last milch cow had suddenly fallen dead.

In my innocence, I suggest that Indian corn might serve as a substitute. She regards this as a stupid joke and breaks down, crying. That is too much. I promise her that I will take Jeremiah and go on a quest for canary seed that will end either with success or death. She looks at me half doubtingly, half comforted, and says: 'It is to be had in the village.'

Thereupon the Doctor interferes. He protests vigorously against sacrificing the time of a man and a horse for a canary bird, even though it be a Hartz canary, and suggests in a matter-of-fact way that we feed the bird powdered corn, until it either becomes accustomed to that food or turns up its toes. Madam Louisa disappears in her tent without a word, her handkerchief over her eyes. I think of a way out of the difficulty. We need several articles. For instance, *manihot* shoots to plant and some hens for our henhouse. I say I 'll attend to all these errands on one journey. I can get the seed simply by riding over to Pedro's house and giving him a letter to be forwarded to the village dealer, who will send us a supply at the first opportunity. It is only a day's ride to Pedro's cabin and Jeremiah would certainly travel well in that direction.

After thinking the matter over, the Doctor gives his consent and Madam Louisa is delighted.

So I sally forth to get Jeremiah. He has disappeared. I hunt for him in vain. Then it dawns upon me. Naturally he followed his companion horse after Pedro left. A lariat could not hold him, when both homesickness and friendship tugged at his heart.

I sit down in a puzzle and think the thing over. It does n't seem wise to try to reach the outer world with the canoe, for I still remember that sand bank. So my only recourse is to go on foot. The Doctor is half an invalid. I look down the long, dark, overgrown trail. Bad walking. But better to do it now before I have a fever, and to get Jeremiah or or some other horse betimes, even if I have to anchor him to myself for the rest of our wilderness sojourn. Naturally the Doctor will protest again. I don't want to have a scene, so I decide to sneak off secretly. I stroll back to the house, cautiously looking about me. The Doctor has gone to see whether the corn has sprouted, and Madam Louisa is washing clothes in the brook. Making a little détour around them, I creep into the tent, scribble a note explaining the situation, and look around for a place where I can leave it and feel sure it will be read. The little box

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where Madam Louisa keeps her maté apparatus occurrs to me. I transfix the note on the *bombilla*, or drinking-tube. They 'll surely find it there. Then I put some corn cakes and crackers in my pocket, take a gun and a bush hook, and making another détour, hasten down the trail, cutting away the vines and undergrowth wherever necessary. Inspired by my generous impulse, I make good progress for a couple of hours.

Then I come to a place where the trail divides; I had naturally overlooked this the first time we came over it. Still I feel certain that the left fork will take me in the right direction. After some two hours' plodding along a badly overgrown route, I stop at noon by a little brook. After resting an hour, I hasten on.

It is late in the afternoon when I come to a sudden halt. I am face to face with an impenetrable thicket. The trail ends. I discover too late that I have come down a blind alley. Probably it is an old trail, formerly used by hunters, surveyors, or timber men, but long abandoned. I have to retrace my steps. However, it is too late for that to-day. I must spend the night in the forest, and know that I have wasted much time and have exhausted myself fruitlessly.

Sadly discouraged, I sit down with my back against a tree. My wild, strange surroundings and utter loneliness oppress me; and in my discouragement I surrender myself to the gloomiest forebodings. It is growing dark. Collecting my wits, I go down to a neighboring brook, where I take a drink and eat a couple of crackers. Then I clear a little place and make me a bed of boughs. Although not physically uncomfortable, I cannot sleep. The mysterious oppression of the forest weighs on me like a nightmare.

All the blunders and failures and misdeeds of my life unroll themselves before my eyes. It seems that I am watching the film of a misspent life, to the accompaniment of the mournful, melancholy music of a distant night bird.

Finally I fall asleep, only to be tormented by horrible dreams — mostly of snakes. I awake at the first glimmer of dawn and rise with a throbbing head and aching limbs. My breakfast consists of crackers and water. Then I start to retrace my steps.

After an hour's travel I begin to feel that it is hopeless to think of escaping from the forest. I am indescribably miserable, and would rejoice at the thought of getting back to our little clearing. It seems as though I had an iron hoop around my head, and soon I begin to shiver. At the place where the two trails fork, I have a violent chill. But I press on with chattering teeth. I must make the clearing. Gradually the alternating chills and fever seem to rise to my face and hover in front of my eyes like a cloud. Mechanically I keep on my way. I recall nothing, except that when the fever hallucinations are at their height, I sing in a kind of ecstasy: '*Wer hat dich, du schöner Wald!*' Then I stumble over a root and bruise my nose.

Later I am told by the Doctor and his wife, that toward evening a man stumbled into the clearing, who, at first sight, seemed much the worse for drink. He had a gun on his back and a machete in his hand, was hatless, and his nose was bleeding. He staggered past Madam Louisa and barking Rats, surveying them with an unconscious stare, and fell headlong into the palm hut.

When I recover consciousness, I find the Doctor, pale and hollow-eyed, sitting by my bed and regarding me with sympathy. I am so weak and exhausted that I can hardly tell what has happened. Then I sink again into unconsciousness. Madam Louisa later brings

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me a stimulant and stops to chat awhile. She, too, is pale and hollow-eyed.

This evening I feel a little stronger and write up my diary.

September 24: Yesterday was Sunday. The Doctor, who still is infatuated with his theory of breaking up a fever, proposed a little party on the river. We all agreed. When we came to the place where our canoe had been moored, it was gone. Either it had been badly tied and had pulled loose from its mooring, or it had been stolen. We men regarded each other gloomily and Madam Louisa wrung her hands.

We recognized that, weakened as we were by fever and hardships, and deprived of any means of traveling by either land or water, we were in the same position as though marooned on an island. We walked up and down, pondering deeply on the situation. Later in the day, a little steamer came up the river, stopped for a moment on the far side, and continued its course. Such boats pass once or twice a week, and we know that in the last emergency we shall have to signal one; and that from this time on we are practically Robinson Crusoes.

On the way back to the clearing, the fever seized us men again, and we crawled under our blankets in a miserable state of mind and body.

To-day it is bright and cool. We are again feeling better and determined to defy fate. Our present programme is to wall up the house. We first set up a grating of poles, which we intend to cover with adobe later. We work so vigorously that by evening practically all the poles are in place, and our future dwelling now looks like a rather clumsily constructed bird cage. We are worried about Madam Louisa, whose feet are getting worse. She keeps up mainly on maté. The Doctor's remedies do no good.

September 25: We begin early in the morning digging clay for our house walls. The Doctor has no fever. I begin to shiver and sit down in the partly completed cabin, wrapped in a blanket, while he plasters the walls by throwing handfuls of clay against the poles. A good deal sticks to them, and a good deal more comes through. When a big lump strikes me in the breast, I leave the cabin and creep into our palm hut in order to shiver in peace.

September 26: We both work at plastering the house. The outside seems finished. Just as we get through toward evening, a heavy thundershower begins.

When the rain is over, we go into the cabin in order to inspect it from the inside. Great puddles of water are on the floor, and there is a continual drip from the roof. The Doctor looks troubled and then glances at me. I comfort him by saying that there is plenty of straw left to make the roof waterproof.

September 27: Feeling the fever come on again, I let the Doctor, who is feeling all right to-day, repair the roof. I offer to help Madam Louisa with the cooking and housework, as she is hardly able to walk; but my head begins to whirl and the chills shake me until my teeth rattle and the dishes clatter in my hand. I am obstinate, however, and stick to it. It is not until I have broken two of Madam Louisa's pretty cups, that I become convinced that I am doing more harm than good. Finally I have to go and lie down, but crawl out again as soon as the worst of my chill is over.

The Doctor sees me and asks me to take a pole, go into the cabin, and point out to him from the inside wherever the roof looks thin. He is lying flat on top.

I follow his instructions and go inside. Detecting a place where I can see a

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light above, I try to stick the pole through the roof at that point, in order to indicate it to him. But I am still shaking with fever and my hand is unsteady, so the pole pierces the thatch at a different place, and strikes something soft. I hear an exclamation of pain, a scraping on the roof, and a bump followed by a shriek from Madam Louisa. My knees tremble and I leave my pole sticking in the thatch, fearing to withdraw it. With the worst forebodings, I thrust my head out of the window to discover the Doctor, happily uninjured, sitting on the big heap of straw in front of the cabin and rubbing himself. Madam Louisa is at his side, still out of breath.

This day has been a warning to me not to handle breakable objects or dangerous weapons when I have the fever.

September 28: Madam Louisa is so weak and exhausted we have persuaded her with great difficulty to rest for an entire day. I fancy that, among other things, she is greatly worried over her canary. We have tried to persuade the bird to eat crushed corn, together with a diminutive ration of hemp and turnip seeds, but he scorns the latter and receives instead more sugar than is good for him. Madam Louisa fancies he will eat corn bread. That suggests to me the idea of constructing some kind of oven for baking; for bread would be a good thing for the rest of us as well as for the canary. I reject the ant-heap form of oven, which Pedro has started, fancying that I shall not be skillful enough to build it. The Doctor is enthusiastic over my plan and makes suggestions. The result of our joint inventiveness is an oven constructed of a petroleum tin covered with clay. We shall let it dry until Sunday and then heat it.

But this is our cooking day. Our menu is to be rice and dried meat. The Doctor observes that we have a good supply of *charca* strips, — dried meat resembling belting in appearance and consistency, — and that it should be used up. When we try to cut it, we discover at once that it is rather tough. This impression is confirmed when we first taste it, after it is cooked. And yet the Doctor's face glows with something resembling the pride of an artist, as he carries a plate of it to his wife in the tent.

A little later she calls him back in a low voice. When he returns he has something in his hand which his wife has removed from the rice as a foreign substance. The doctor readily agrees that she is right. We investigate it.

'It looks,' says the doctor, 'more like a bit of leather than anything else, so far as I — '

'It is leather,' I interrupt.

It was leather. Upon investigating, we discover that we have cut up a rawhide strap with our charca and cooked it with our rice and — for all we know — have eaten part of it.

Madam Louisa comforts us with the opinion that the rest of the food is very good. She means well. A franker judgment would have been that we have cooked some dried meat that tastes like leather, part of a leather strap that tastes like dried meat, and rice that has a strong flavor of both ingredients.

September 29: The Doctor is working on the roof and I am keeping by myself, since I am again down with *chucho*. A little incident has interrupted the monotony of the day. In the afternoon I hear Madam Louisa's terrified voice calling: 'A snake, a snake!' I tumble out of my palm hut. The Doctor clambers down from the roof where he is thatching, and seizing a hoe, hastens after a rather big snake, which is gliding with remarkable speed across the clearing. He

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hacks at it madly, and makes great holes in the earth — enough to plant a row of corn — and gives a decaying stump a fearful blow. Dripping with perspiration, he returns and smiling somewhat bitterly observes: 'I gave him a good scare, anyway.'

September 30: Madam Louisa is feeling so unwell that she has reluctantly been persuaded to spend the whole day in bed. So we are cooking again, and are determined to distinguish ourselves this time. While the Doctor is heating our new oven, I go out early in the morning with the gun to get some game. I return after about an hour's fruitless hunting. Our glance falls upon our lonely rooster and we decide to sacrifice him. There is no present hope of getting more hens, and we fear we may lose him, also. The Doctor asks me to kill the bird with as little noise as possible. So I take him and an axe out into the forest and behead him, not without some private heart pangs. He has been one of our companions in solitude.

Soon he is in the kettle, boiling merrily. Meantime we make dough for biscuit, which we raise with baking powder, and plan to bake in our new oven. The Doctor builds a tremendous fire both inside and outside the latter. He justifies this procedure by saying that corn meal needs much heat, and I defer to his wisdom. We leave a great heap of glowing coals over the oven, after we have cleared the interior and put in our biscuit.

Then we wait for the latter to bake. They eventually come out in brownish-black balls of about the temper of iron. So far as we can see, one might pierce six inches of armor with them at a range of a thousand yards. The Doctor suggests that they may soften up if soaked in coffee. However, the chicken soup is sure to be delicious. It looks that way at least. We first take a steaming plate of it to Madam Louisa, who is lying in the tent. After a little time, she calls: 'It is very good; but what is the odd idea of putting Indian corn in it? It tastes pretty strongly of it.' We give each other a troubled glance. 'How can there be any corn in it?' says the Doctor. 'We cleaned the bird, surely.'

Then a sudden light dawns upon me, and I shove my chicken soup aside. 'Doctor,' I say, 'do you know that fowls have a crop?'

He stares at me fixedly for a moment and drops his plate. I pick up the kettle and prepare some coffee as soon as possible. Happily, Madam Louisa says her plate of soup is excellent.

Our cooking experiments, however, are successful in one respect. We cannot bite the bread we have baked, nor soften it by soaking it in coffee. But we discover that we can pulverize it with a hammer, and that the canary bird likes it in this form. Madam Louisa is delighted. That compensates us for all our misfortunes.

One member of the party, however, has a Lucullian banquet. It is Rats, the terrier.

October 1: The tent is unendurably hot and we decide to move into our house, although it is still somewhat damp. Moreover, this is moving-day in Germany. Happily, none of us is down with fever. While we are shifting our quarters, Madam Louisa revels in recollections of moving-days at home, and tells us of the things that were broken on these memorable occasions. The Doctor keeps up this tradition by falling across the threshold of the new house when he is laden with the bird cage, a pair of boots, a side of bacon, and a pot of tea. The pot of tea remains on the field of honor.

By midday we have completed the transfer. Madam Louisa partitions off

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a private room for me with the help of some curtains. We make shelves of some box covers, and decide that a door would be superfluous. A big box is to serve as our table. Madam Louisa has set out her porcelains upon it.

Last of all we take down the tent, roll it up, and stow it in a corner of the cabin. The palm hut is to serve as our kitchen.

October 2: We are all feeling ill. We men hardly know what to do. We cannot bring ourselves to steady labor. It is oppressively sultry. This afternoon we have the worst storm yet. The rain comes down in torrents.

We are just taking afternoon tea. Suddenly a big drop falls into my cup, followed by one in the sugar. Then drops begin to fall on the beds and everywhere. Somebody makes the superfluous observation that the roof leaks. We stretch the tent over the beds and other articles. However, drinking tea is a doubtful pleasure under such circumstances. Madam Louisa helps matters some by bringing two umbrellas. I hold one over her, receiving the drip on my collar. The Doctor shares his with me, so that I receive rather more than the normal share of water from that direction, also. The rain continues all the afternoon, evening, and night, and the house gets wetter and wetter. We cower under the little corner of the roof that Pedro has thatched, and which is water-tight. But water keeps flowing from the uneven floor toward us. I have a presentiment of trouble.

October 3: The sun is shining and we have taken all our things out of the house. They dry rapidly, but before we can get them inside, another violent storm is upon us, so our goods are again wet. In spite of the fact that we are utterly worn out, we try to patch the roof. While we are on it, both are seized with fever. When we get into the cabin, we find Madam Louisa down with fever, also. Too sick and apathetic to put up the tent, we spend a miserable day in the dripping hut.

October 4: For the first time, we have sat down to consult seriously over the situation. How are we to make a living here, and what shall we eat when our provisions are exhausted? My nerves have been upset by our mistakes, by fever, and by disappointments. I say frankly that we are in a hopeless situation here, — like three children trying to play Robinson Crusoe without knowing how, — that we can never accommodate ourselves to this kind of life, that it takes people who know the business to succeed under such conditions. I remind the Doctor of his favorite proverb: 'Happiness consists in being able to do without things,' and ask him scornfully if he has learned it thoroughly.

I wind up my observations with the remark that a steamer passes twice a week, and that the town is the right place for people of our kind.

Madam Louisa says: 'Husband, what 's your opinion?' The Doctor paces up and down with his hands behind his back, so long that I impatiently begin to accompany him. Finally he stops and says: 'I think you 're right. We 've made a little mistake. We wanted to escape from the world, to return to nature; but we have taken a way of doing it that is practically suicide. I don't want to go that far.'

My diary ends here.

After we had come to an agreement upon this, we arranged a signal service in order to stop one of the passing steamers. Several went by without noticing us, although we fired salvos with our revolver and shotgun, and

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Madam Louisa gave us a big tablecloth which we waved from a long bamboo pole.

Finally, we organized a night service and employed fire as a signal. We collected a great heap of thatch straw and brushwood on the bank, and one night when we heard the whistle of a steamer coming down the river, we set it on fire, and danced around it like cannibals, howling and shooting our revolver. The captain stopped, apparently out of curiosity, and sent a boat ashore.

We persuaded the Doctor and his wife to go aboard at once, with Rats and the canary, leaving me to watch our property until the little steam launch could come up and get it. A few days later the launch arrived and, with the help of its crew, I had everything aboard. Then I asked them to wait a bit, and returned to the spot where we had spent a month despising the world and trying to get back to nature.

It was a hot day and so still that not a leaf was moving. As I gazed at the empty cabin and the deserted little palm hut, which seemed to invite me to crawl in again, and glanced at a few worthless things we left behind us, an indescribable feeling of loneliness took possession of me. But there was a strange sense of satisfaction mingled with it. It was after all the place we had chosen for a home. It was the place which we had dedicated to the foolish, but joyous hope of beginning a new and a better life. Thoughtfully I turned away and returned to the little steamer.

Nearly ten years later chance gave me an opportunity to revisit the scene of these experiences. But I did n't recognize the place. Along the shore were several pretentious little buildings, among them a government office and a small hotel. Beyond lay cultivated land and tidy farmhouses. The tall, gloomy, virgin forest had retreated far back from both sides of the former trail. I tried to find the place where our hut had stood, but everything was so changed that I gave up the task. I strolled out along a good country road where the trail had formerly run. On both sides were well-tilled farms. I met a troop of happy schoolboys, little Germans from top to toe. Their parents had fought the forest as we had, but had been victorious.

I finally came to a cozy little schoolhouse, which I judged to be about where I once stumbled and bruised my nose during an attack of fever. And far, far beyond this point, I could see evidences of human settlement. Yet it was no miracle, after all. For the people who had accomplished this were not fleeing the world, but making a new one.

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EXTRACTS FROM TOLSTOI'S DIARY

[According to the German translator, the following portions of Tolstoi's diary, selected from the volume covering the years 1900 to 1903, have not hitherto been published, even in Russia. They were written at Yasnaya Polyana.]

From *Die Neue Rundschau, January*
(Liberal Literary and Political Monthly)

January 6, 1903: I am suffering the tortures of hell. I recall all the loathsome sins I ever committed, and the memory of them will not leave me, but poisons my life. People are wont to bemoan the fact that our memory does not survive death. What a piece of good fortune, however, that we do forget! What a torment it would be, if in my future state I could recall all the evil I have done in my present life! Were we able to recall our good acts, we should also necessarily be able to recall our evil acts. What happiness that death blots out our memory and leaves only consciousness, a consciousness which is a synthesis of all the good and evil in us, like a complicated equation reduced to its simplest form: x = a positive or a negative quantity. Yes, indeed, the extinction of memory is a great blessing; if memory survived, man could never again be happy. After our memory has been blotted out, we renew our existence with a pure white sheet of paper, on which we can write either good or evil deeds.

February 5: No entries for a month. I have been ill two months and am still so. That means weak. And that is good: Such a condition admonishes me of the approach of death. During this time most of my writing has been upon my memoirs. I am gradually making progress, but they are not yet satisfactory.

I have started again to write a postscript to my *Appeal to the Workers*, but am not getting ahead with it. I am also writing a philosophical essay on the true life. Am I deceiving myself, or have I hit upon something new and useful?

February 12: My heart is still weak but I am growing stronger. So far the postscript is worthless. I am getting ahead some with the memoirs. I have been reading an excellent theosophical journal. It has much in common with my ideas. The letter about the Saxon princess has been published and I am sorry. I am spiritually steadily drawing nearer to death. I have much to write, but keep forgetting, considering what I have to say not important. But I must set down these things: —

1. The Allconscious, which is confined in the finite, ever struggles to enlarge his boundaries. That is the first half of human life. In the first half of his life, man loves things and fellow beings; that is, in his struggle to liberate himself from his confinement, he extends his consciousness to other beings. But no matter how great his love, he cannot transcend his boundaries: and so during the second half of his life he no longer strives to stretch them, but to destroy them. This process is somewhat similar to the development of the grub into a butterfly. We are like grubs. For a time we grow and then we become quiescent larvæ. As butterflies, we realize ourselves in the life beyond.

2. All religious and moral doctrine is based upon a recognition of a law that dwells within us — the law of expanding our boundaries, which is attained through love.

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3. Consciousness of our individual separateness — that is the life of man. Allconsciousness is the life of God. By love — in other words, by extending his boundaries — man approaches God; but love is not a quality of God, as men commonly assume, but is exclusively a human quality.

February 20: My health is some better. I have been taking walks for two days. My work does not progress. I have no energy.

1. The Socialists are people who concern themselves mostly with the population of the towns. They know neither the beauty and poetry of country life, nor the sorrows and problems of country people. If they did know them, they would not seek to destroy our country life as they do to-day, nor try to sacrifice it for the comforts of the city life. They would rather make every effort to encourage the country, and would free it from its misery.

March 11: . . .

3. The principal difference between the Socialists, the Anarchist-Christians, and the Anarchists, consists in the desire of the first to reform economic conditions within our present political society. They wish to change our political institutions but only so far as these prevent the economic reforms they seek. A majority of them believe it necessary to preserve these forms in order to attain their objects. All Anarchists, on the other hand, consider the present political order the fundamental evil, and believe it their first duty to destroy that order, assuming that economic evils will heal themselves as soon as the political government is eliminated.

March 14: . . . I have been reading *Opinions sociales* by Anatole France. Like all other orthodox Socialists, he is a reverer of science and a denier of religion, and says we do not need pity and love, but only justice. That is true; but to have true justice, our strivings and our ideals must be filled with self-denial and love.

March 20: Yesterday and to-day have written letters. Twenty-six of them. Am in somewhat better health but have my impending transition constantly in mind.

I have entered several things in this book, but there was something very important which I jotted down on a loose memorandum, which I have lost.

1. People commonly imagine that the life of an old man gradually dwindles and at last runs out altogether. But that depends upon what you call life. If you regard life as physical vigor, ability to modify the relations of men and things under your own eyes, then the life of a young man is full and powerful, and that of an old man is weak and wasted. But if you regard life as a spiritual force which directs the activities of men toward new goals, then the life of an old man is very different, and the more advanced his age the more powerful it is.

I have accidentally left out several pages. So I will write here my entries up to April 1.

1. We commonly measure human progress by technical and scientific progress, under the assumption that civilization leads to happiness. Nothing is more false. Rousseau and the others, who were so captivated with primitive and patriarchal society, were just as right and just as wrong as the men who are captivated with modern civilization. The happiness of the most highly civilized man is no different from the happiness of the most primitive man. Science, civilization, culture, add no more to the happiness of man than an inflow of water adds to the quantity contained in a filled vessel. We can add to human happiness only through love, the nature of which is to make all men equal and alike. Scientific and techni-

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cal progress is merely a feature distinguishing the age of a civilization, and the most highly civilized man enjoys well-being above that of the primitive man, as little as an adult enjoys well-being in excess of a child. We can add to happiness only by adding to love.

2. Men who have lost inner religious guidance, hope to find a substitute for it in historical law, as they understand the latter. What salvation, then, did those men have who lived at the dawn of history?

3. I am recovering, and watch the progress of my recovery. How unfitting that is for an old man! It would be more becoming for one of my age to watch his dying, the destruction of the boundaries of his being.

4. When people say that thinking, that intellectual activity, in general, is a product of the action of the brain cells, because thought follows the action of the brain, and because thought ceases as soon as the brain or any part of it is destroyed, they talk as a man would who insisted that the quality of a musical composition depended on the physical qualities of a piano or an orchestra, and that music ceased to exist the moment the piano, the orchestra, or any part of either, was destroyed.

Men who speak thus can hardly know the true spiritual (higher) activity of man. This does not originate with physical conditions, but employs physical conditions as long as it is associated with them. Their error lies in a *petitio principii;* that is, they assume beforehand that nothing but physical conditions exist; and consequently reason that something through which our spiritual background manifests itself must be the only true existence and must produce that spiritual background. A man fells a tree with an axe: the axe fells the tree. If we destroy the axe no tree will ever be felled again, therefore the axe is real; but the man who swings the axe is only an attachment to the latter. A being which knew no other act of man than chopping might quite logically assume that man was merely an attachment to an axe.

April 14: . . . 11. The fallacy of feminism lies in the wish of women to be the same as men. But women with their highly differentiated qualities are fundamentally different from men, and if they seek completer self-development and self-expression, they should do it in the direction for which they are designed. I do not know what that direction is; unhappily they do not know what it is; but this much is certain, their direction is different from that of men.

14. Our century is the victim of a frightful hallucination. Every discovery and invention which saves human labor delights us, and we assume, offhand, that we must employ it, without asking whether this labor-saving machine adds to our happiness and whether it does not destroy much beauty. We are like a person who forces himself to eat all the meat upon his plate, even though he is not hungry, and revolts against it, and is injured by it. Railways instead of walking, automobiles instead of horses, knitting-machines instead of knitting-needles.

17. Life and sleep. It is unpleasant to awaken out of sleep only when you have not slept enough, and are aroused at an untimely moment. If a person has slept enough, he awakes refreshed. So a person who has lived out his life, an old man when he dies, is ready for a new life, and awakens in it refreshed.

June 23: I am naturally an evil man, with no gift for virtue; so I must make a constant effort not to become an abominable man. Samarin once said that he had become an excellent teacher of mathematics because he had no head for mathematics. I am like him in regard to mathematics, and also in regard to virtue.

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MRS. PIOZZI'S ANNOTATIONS TO BOSWELL

BY MINNA STEELE SMITH

From the *London Mercury, January*
(LITERARY MONTHLY)

SOME years ago a copy of the fifth edition of Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, dated 1807, came into my possession. Throughout the four volumes are a number of marginal notes, written in ink, in a flowing, legible hand. Some are signed 'H. L. P.,' others have a 'P.' added in pencil. These notes are evidently the handiwork of Hester Lynch Piozzi, who owes her permanent place in English literature to her friendship with Dr. Johnson. Though the handwriting is good, it does not show the extreme care and remarkable beauty of some of Madam Piozzi's annotations. Mr. Rogers, of the Cambridge University Library, has most kindly examined some of the MS. entries, and, after comparing them with known specimens of Mrs. Piozzi's writing, is of opinion that they are genuine. In 1764 Johnson made the acquaintance of Mr. Thrale, a wealthy brewer, and for many years spent much of his time as an honored guest in the Thrale family. Boswell writes: 'Nothing could be more fortunate for Johnson than this connection. He had at Mr. Thrale's all the comforts and even luxuries of life; his melancholy was diverted, and his irregular habits lessened by association with an agreeable and well-ordered family. . . . The vivacity of Mrs. Thrale's literary talk roused him to cheerfulness and exertion, even when they were alone.' Mr. Thrale's death in 1781 was a great grief to Johnson, and this loss was accentuated by the estrangement from Mrs. Thrale on her marriage with Piozzi, an Italian music master, in 1784, the year of Johnson's death.

It is as the chosen hostess and friend of Dr. Johnson during some twenty of the best years of his life, and the publisher of the *Anecdotes* and *Letters*, the outcome of this close personal intercourse, that Mrs. Thrale lives in our memories to-day. The large part that 'Madam' or 'my Mistress' played in Johnson's life makes us eager to know more of the plump, brisk little woman, and to glean what scraps we may of the vivacious talk which held such charms for the great literary dictator in an age when conversation was cultivated as a fine art.

It is in *Thraliana* — the diary begun at Dr. Johnson's suggestion and kept from 1776 to 1809 — and in her numerous marginal annotations that we come nearest to hearing Madam Piozzi's living voice. There is an impulsiveness, a vivacity, a disingenuousness in her comments on men and books which are eminently characteristic; and the easy familiarity with which she mentions the interesting people of her day helps us to realize the fullness of her life and her intimate social relations with all the members of Johnson's circle. Mr. Abraham Hayward, in his *Autobiography, Letters and Literary Remains of Mrs. Piozzi* (1861), quotes a number of extracts from *Thraliana* (still unpublished in its entirety), and also prints various marginal annotations, some from a copy of Boswell's *Life of Samuel Johnson*, published in 1816. Several of these notes are identical with those in

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my 1807 copy, others differ slightly; some of those in my copy were evidently not in the copy used by Hayward, and some printed by Hayward are not in my copy. As several of the entries in the earlier edition are dated 1808, I have thought it worth while to go through them all carefully — there are about three hundred altogether — and pick out a few which may perhaps prove of general interest. In making my selection the fact that an entry occurs also in the copy seen by Mr. Hayward has not been considered a reason for suppressing it. Mr. Hayward offers an explanation of the recurrence of the same comments in various books, and, at the same time, expresses his belief in their general accuracy. He says: 'She was very fond of writing marginal notes, and after annotating one copy of a book would take up another and do the same. I have never detected a substantial variation in her narratives, even in those which were more or less dictated by pique, and as she generally drew upon the *Thraliana* for her materials, this, having been carefully and calmly compiled, affords an additional guarantee for her accuracy.'

In Madam Piozzi's comments on Boswell's *Life of Samuel Johnson* we should expect to find some reflection of the rivalry of the two biographers — a rivalry which had been emphasized by their contemporaries, and held up to ridicule in Peter Pindar's *Bozzi and Piozzi*. Boswell, in the course of the *Life*, points out various instances of inaccuracy or false statement in Madam Piozzi's *Anecdotes of Dr. Johnson*, and toward the end of the *Life* warns his readers against accepting Madam Piozzi's portrait of Johnson as a true one.

Madam Piozzi herself vigorously repudiates Boswell's impeachments of her accuracy. Boswell, in a footnote (I, p. 17), refers to the *Anecdotes* as having circulated the fictitious story of the lines on a duckling composed by Johnson at the age of three. The manuscript note is: 'and now all is over!! I do protest he told them to me himself as I printed them, and I believe he made them.' She is still more emphatic in disclaiming Boswell's assertion (footnote I, p. 45): 'Mrs. Piozzi has given a strange fantastical account of the original of Dr. Johnson's belief in our most holy religion.' She writes: 'he told me this *himself;* I did not dream it, and could not have invented it, or heard it from others.' 'I will *swear* he told me as I tell the Public, and swear it (if they will) when in my last moments (in 1808 *They* cannot be far distant.)' And at the end of the footnote, opposite Boswell's reference to Mrs. Piozzi, she adds: 'Mrs. Piozzi thought and knew that she was telling Truth.'

Boswell's jealousy of Mrs. Thrale (as she then was) apparently existed long before they came before the world as rival biographers. In referring to the Italian tour which Johnson intended to take with the Thrales in the spring of 1776, he adds (III, p. 7): 'I was not pleased that his intimacy with Mr. Thrale's family, though it no doubt contributed much to his comfort and enjoyment, was not without some degree of restraint,' and Madam Piozzi interpolates: 'what restraint can he mean? Johnson kept everybody else under restraint.' 'Not, as has been grossly suggested' (Boswell goes on), 'that it was required of him as a task to talk for the entertainment of them and their company. . . .' 'I don't believe it ever was suggested' is the marginal comment.

Boswell seems to have taken a malicious delight in witnessing Mrs. Thrale caught tripping. He tells us (III, p. 246) that he 'presumed to take an opportunity, in presence of Johnson, of showing this lively lady how ready she

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was, unintentionally, to deviate from exact authenticity of narration.' Boswell had repeated a ridiculous story told him by an old man, and Mrs. Thrale, in alluding to it, called it 'The story told you by the old *woman*.' — 'Now, madam' (said I), 'give me leave to catch you in the fact: it was not an old *woman*, but an old *man*, whom I mentioned as having told me this.' The marginal retort is: 'but there is no such thing as an old *Man*. When any man talks such Twaddling Stuff as *this*, I call him an Old Woman.'

In the account Boswell gives (IV, p. 88) of the Sunday dinner at Mr. Thrale's on April 1, 1781, he represents Dr. Johnson as rebuking Mrs. Thrale for her habit of giving exaggerated praise: 'I know nobody who blasts by praise as you do. . . . Now there is Pepys; you praised that man with such disproportion that I was incited to lessen him perhaps more than he deserves. His blood is upon your head.' Madam Piozzi underlines the last sentence and writes in the margin: 'An Expression Dr. Johnson would not have taken £100 to have used.' We should be guilty of greater unfairness than Boswell if we left Dr. Johnson's rebuke incomplete and omitted his smiling 'And yet she is the first woman in the world, could she but restrain that wicked tongue of hers; she would be the only woman, could she but command that little whirligig.'

Under the year of Johnson's death (1784), Boswell records (IV, p. 362) the mortification with which Johnson learned from Mrs. Thrale of her approaching marriage with Signor Piozzi, and comments on the contradictory terms in which Mrs. Thrale referred to her intimacy with Johnson before and after Mr. Thrale's death. 'As a sincere friend,' he proceeds, 'of the great man whose life I am writing, I think it necessary to guard my readers against the mistaken notion of Dr. Johnson's character, which this lady's *Ancedotes* of him suggest,' and goes on to quote two instances of inaccuracy furnished by 'an eminent critick' (marginal note 'Who was this?'). The first anecdote, which tells of the 'very celebrated lady' whom Johnson bade 'consider what her flattery was worth, before she choaked *him* with it,' remains, as Hayward points out, substantially the same when retold in greater detail by Boswell. Madam Piozzi's only comment is to give *Hannah More* as the name of the 'very celebrated lady.' She vouches for the accuracy of the second anecdote, which, she says in the *Anecdotes*, was supplied to her by Mr. Thrale after dining with a gentleman at a nobleman's house, by insisting that 'Mrs. Thrale *was* in Company and the *Gentleman* . . . *M. Pottinger* was *his* particular Friend and Fitzmaurice was noble enough — on one side at least.' Boswell stated that Mr. Thrale was *not* in the company and it was *not* at the house of a nobleman.

Another of Madam Piozzi's *Anecdotes* appears to Boswell of doubtful authenticity because it represents Johnson in an unamiable light. He quotes it first in Madam Piozzi's words: 'When I one day lamented the loss of a first Cousin killed in America, "Prithee, my dear (said he), have done with canting; how would the world be the worse for it, I may ask, if all your relations were at once spitted like larks, and roasted for Presto's Supper?" Presto was the dog that lay under the table while we talked.' Then, expressing a wish that the circumstances may fairly appear, Boswell gives them as told by Mr. Baretti, who was present.

'Mrs. Thrale, while supping very heartily upon larks, laid down her knife and fork, and abruptly exclaimed, "O, my dear Johnson, do you know what has happened? The last letters

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from abroad have brought us an account that our poor cousin's head was taken off by a cannon ball!" Johnson, who was shocked both at the fact and at her light, unfeeling manner of mentioning it, replied, "Madam, it would give *you* very little concern if all your relations were spitted like those larks, and drest for Presto's supper."' The manuscript note opposite his version of the story is: 'Mrs. Thrale never saw a Supper in those days, never eat a lark for Supper in England, and dar'd as well have swallowed the Lark *alive* as have said O, my dear Johnson! She never address'd him with any such familiarity.'

Madam Piozzi, in a marginal note in an earlier volume of the *Life*, answers Boswell's charge that she had misrepresented Johnson's character by her record of harsh and severe sayings, by convicting him out of his own mouth. Boswell is quoting (I, p. 477) a letter of Johnson's to Charles Burney, in which he writes: 'He that claims, either in himself or for another, the honors of perfection, will surely injure the reputation which he designs to assist.' Madam Piozzi adds: 'Boswell should have remembered *that* when he blamed H. L. P.' She also retaliates on Boswell and shows her scorn for his eagerness to make capital out of the great man's friendship. When Boswell complains in one of his letters to Johnson (II, p. 289), 'You do not acknowledge the receipt of the various packets which I have sent you. Neither can I prevail with you to *answer* my letters, though you honor me with *returns*,' Madam Piozzi's comment is, 'Johnson dared not answer him but in general terms, he knew Mr. Boswell wanted his letters chiefly for the Pleasure of shewing them.' Another time she expresses her indignation that he should print one of her letters to Dr. Johnson (III, p. 455) and her contempt for the way in which he obtained it, with perhaps a little wounded vanity at seeing her undress communication paraded in print. 'For this letter he gave a Bribe to the Blackamoore of ½ a Crown and then made a Bustle and a Riot as if he had got a great Prize. It is a complete Nothing.' She also identifies Boswell with the anonymous 'Gentleman' who on more than one occasion is the butt of Johnson's sarcasm. 'A gentleman, having to some of the usual arguments for drinking added this: "you know, Sir, drinking drives away care and makes us forget whatever is disagreeable. Would you not allow a man to drink for that reason?" Johnson: "Yes, Sir, if he sat next you."' Marginal note: 'It was Boswell himself. Dr. Johnson said that man *compels* me to treat him so.' Again, there is an undisguised note of exultation in the marginal comment on the story of the gentleman who pestered Johnson with questions till Johnson turned upon him in a rage, and 'the gentleman, who was a good deal out of countenance, said: "Why, Sir, you are so good that I venture to trouble you." Johnson: "Sir, my being so *good* is no reason why you should be so ill!"' 'This gentleman was his own dear self — James Boswell, Esq.,' is the written exclamation.

Besides the comments which are more or less suggestive of the rivalry between Boswell and Madam Piozzi, there are a number of notes referring to her relations with Dr. Johnson which either give additional information or throw sidelights on Boswell's statements. For instance, Madam Piozzi scouts Boswell's suggestion that an alteration in Johnson's dress was due to her influence. 'No truly . . . it was Mr. Thrale and not his Wife who attempted such corrections. He would no more have suffer'd *me* to have chosen his Coat than the very youngest

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of my Children.' But she may, perhaps, have been thinking of the vivacious conversation in which Johnson had so obviously delighted during the many years spent in her home after 1765, when she adds to Johnson's description of an actor, 'There is a courtly vivacity about the fellow,' the observation that 'Johnson had not ever seen courtliness at that time or any vivacity but of the coarsest kind.'

In the many corrections and additions made to Boswell's statements about his idol, there is often a spicy flavor or vivid touch, absent from Boswell's version. To Johnson's story of Bet Flint (IV, p. 108), a woman of the town who was taken up on the charge of stealing a counterpane but acquitted by the Chief Justice 'who loved a wench,' she adds, 'I remember this stuff perfectly — he ended all with an odd ludicrous sigh and I loved Bet Flint! *so* comically.' Of Dr. Johnson's one encounter with Dr. Warburton, which, to the surprise of their friends, passed off amicably, she gives (IV, p. 47) an account in Johnson's own words: '"I met Warburton last night," said he to me when he came home . . . "and before we parted *he patted me*."'

There is one rather enigmatic reference to Johnson on the same page (IV, p. 298), though not exactly opposite Johnson's remark, made to Boswell not many months before his death, in criticism of Mrs. Thrale: 'Sir, she has done everything wrong since Thrale's bridle was off her neck.' Madam Piozzi's note runs: 'Had he not the Turtle and Champagne of Human Life? Oh! *that he had*. Yet pined for the Tea and Bread and Bread and Butter of it.' Is there not some natural impatience that the old man, whom for years she had helped to supply with every luxury as well as the adulation of an admiring circle, should wish her to sacrifice the domestic happiness held out to her by the man she loved, in order to make his tea and cut his bread-and-butter?

From the many identifications of anonymous friends and acquaintances only a very small selection can be mentioned. Madam Piozzi was evidently annoyed when unable to fix a name to any of the chief figures in Boswell's narrative. 'How stupid to forget as I have done — who this man was. Oh dear and now I do not know who *this* was,' she exclaims, and in another note alludes pathetically to her inability to recollect after the lapse of so many years. 'I don't know whether I am right . . . it is all guesswork *now*, 1808. 30 years gone (she is annotating the year 1778) will carry memory with them.' She is also struck with sadness at the ravages made by time in the brilliant circle which she had known so well. Boswell's footnote (II, p. 289) giving April 4, 1774, as the date of Dr. Goldsmith's death, calls forth the lament: 'Alas! Alas! and now Johnson and Boswell and Blair and Robertson and Garrick and Reynolds — and almost *all* the People named in these Books add to the cold dead list. Alas! Alas! cries the survivor 1808.' A few pages further on she adds to the sentence in Johnson's letter, 'Chambers, you find, is gone far,' the comment 'Chambers has taken the long journey too!'

Though Madam Piozzi expresses surprise that she has forgotten who said this and who did that, the wonder is rather that in her sixty-seventh or sixty-eighth year, separated, not only by the lapse of time but also by a prolonged sojourn abroad, from the social circle that used to gather round Johnson, she should remember so vividly and with such interest the details of that intercourse. She mentions among other names, 'Billy Littleton'; 'Macbean, a hanger-on of Johnson'; 'Fitzherbert,

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who hang'd himself';'Mr. Peyton' (one of the dictionary amanuenses), whom she calls 'Poor Soul'; and among his lady friends, 'Hannah More, the flattering lady'; 'Mrs. Montagu, a literary lady of large fortune'; 'Mrs. Boscawen, an eminently pleasing Converser'; 'Sophie Streatfield' (who is not mentioned by Boswell). The German who caused Goldsmith such annoyance by suddenly stopping him with 'Stay, stay — Toctor Shonson is going to say something' (II, p. 266), is said to be 'Moses, the Flower Painter.' 'The good man but a vain man and a liar' (IV, p. 180) is identified as Barretti. (Madam Piozzi would probably endorse the latter part of the characterization.) Her conjectural 'Burke, I suppose,' as a comment on a person who differed from Johnson in politics, of whom he said 'We are sure that —— acts from interest' (III, p. 44), is not complimentary to the great statesman, nor where (III, p. 268) it occurs again to identify 'an eminent friend of ours . . . not so agreeable as the variety of his knowledge would otherwise make him, because he talks partly from ostentation.' The 'gentleman of eminence who had got into a bad style of Poetry of late' and whose style is parodied (III, p. 173) is 'Warton.' There are, according to Madam Piozzi, a number of anonymous references to 'Bennet Langton,' among others (II, p. 270) as the 'testator' who called forth Johnson's uncontrollable mirth, again (IV, p. 229) as the worthy friend 'too ready to introduce religious discourse upon all occasions,' also as 'a friend of ours living at too much expense' (III, p. 243) and as the 'poor dear ——' with whom Johnson had lately dined (II, p. 139) and of whom he said, 'I do not think he goes on well. His table is rather coarse, and he has his children too much with him. But he is a good man.' Of Dr. Campbell, the Irish clergyman (II, pp. 351 and 355), she writes: 'Dr. Campbell was a very tall handsome man and speaking of other Highburnians used this Expression indeed now and upon my honour Sir: I am but a twitter to you.' And again: 'he was a fine showy talking man. Johnson liked him of all things in a year or two.'

On Johnson's immediate domestic circle, disrespectfully called his menagerie, there are one or two notes. When Boswell tells us that Johnson often incommoded his friends by carrying the blind Mrs. Williams about with him to their houses, she adds a fervent 'Yes truly.' To Boswell's statement about Francis Barber, Johnson's negro servant, (footnote I, p. 216) that part of the time in which he was in Johnson's service he was sent by the kindness of his master to a school in Northamptonshire, she adds the remark: 'he was at School since I knew Dr. Johnson. I used to joke him for *schooling* Frank so . . . when he would let me,' and she writes 'a good Boy!' in the margin opposite Johnson's exhortation to Barber to 'Be a good boy' in his letter of May 28, 1768, when the negro, according to Boswell, was eighteen years old. Another member of the domestic circle was Hodge, the cat. Madam Piozzi writes: 'I used to joke him for getting Valerian to amuse Hodge in his last Hours.'

There are many other notes in the four volumes, some of them personal in character, which, short and slight in themselves — often mere ejaculations — yet throw light on the feelings and convictions of the writer. She was evidently a pious woman of orthodox faith, who turned to religion for consolation when in trouble. Other entries show her pride in her Welsh nationality, and that, like her 'master,' she was a most ardent opponent of Whiggism. Her identification of quotations, references to literary parallels, and criticisms on

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contemporary literature prove her to have been well-read; and her alertness of mind and sense of humor are revealed in many amusing little dicta.

But an attempt to exhaust the varied interest of the manuscript notes would need far more space than that at my disposal; besides, the slightly-faded autograph entries in their neat ladylike handwriting, with their many capitals and signs of exclamation, lose much of their character when dragged from their own original corners where they have remained undisturbed for a hundred years. It is regretfully, and with a slight feeling of melancholy, that we close the volumes that contain so much of the warm-hearted, impulsive little woman.

She sees vividly before her the figures which came and went about her in that most brilliant but not wholly happy period of her life — a period saddened over and over again by the loss of a child in infancy — and her comment is: 'and now it is all over, gone, all, all, gone.' Her thoughts linger on those most dark and difficult years after her first husband's death when Johnson's exactions became more than she could bear, and daughters, friends, and the society whose favorite she had been, disapproved the only path which led to happiness. But that path she had followed. Could a woman of her temperament have done otherwise? Johnson had said: 'With *your* wings, Madam, you *must* fly: but have a care, there are *clippers* abroad.' Her marginal note is: 'I flew *from* the Clippers.' We like Boswell the better for adding: 'But have they not *clipped* rather *rudely*, and gone a great deal *closer* than was necessary?'

THE PROJECTO-CAR

BY MARCEL GERBIDON

From *Lectures Pour Tous, December*
(Parisian Miscellany Monthly)

Professor Juste Porquerol woke up. He turned the button of the electric light and consulted his chronometer. It was 23 minutes and 47 seconds past 6 o'clock. At that very moment day was beginning to dawn again upon the earth that Professor Porquerol had quitted thirteen hours before.

Where was he going? He opened a porthole and peered out. The prodigious display of stars dazzled him but he did not recognize any of them except Saturn, far below him, which, with its rings, seemed vaguely familiar. He frowned in disquietude and opened his register. If his calculations were correct, he ought at this very moment to be flying through space at the rate of 38,537,623 kilometres a second. He glanced toward the apparatus that registered his speed. It marked 38,537,-624 kilometres.

His face brightened and a little gleam of pride sparkled behind his glasses. His calculations were right. In exactly 231 hours, or on the fifth of April, 1924, the 'projecto-car,' carry-

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ing within it Professor Juste Porquerol, would reach one of the planets in the constellation of the Clock.

He had been born in 1841, during the reign of the good king Louis Philippe, at Guignicourt on the Aisne. At the school in Reims where he had been educated, he was remembered as a 'grind.' He had spent all his spare time in setting up little motors of his own invention, — machines which gradually grew more and more complex, — for the study of motion fascinated him; and in consequence he made amazing progress in mathematics, all the while resting in curious ignorance of everything else.

In 1860, when he was nineteen, his famous theorem on rhombohedrons set all Europe on fire — all mathematical Europe, that is, which is not quite the same thing! On that occasion he was presented to the Minister of Public Instruction; and some years later he was made professor of mathematics at the Collège des Sables d'Olonne. Fifty-five years afterward, he was still there, and it was from Sables d'Olonne that he set out on his great voyage toward the constellation of the Clock.

So, when its beginnings are considered, the projecto-car had attained a prodigious speed. 'Prodigious' is hardly too big a word, when you consider that the constellation toward which Juste was traveling is situated at a distance of 477 trillions, 907 billions, 776 millions of kilometres from the Earth. How had the idea of such a journey come to this old scholar, who would have been terrified at the thought of going half a league from his own doorstep? These are the facts: —

One day in the summer of 1877, Professor Porquerol bethought him of an incredible invention — a motor which, when thrown into space, would move with constantly increasing speed, so that once free of the earth's atmosphere, it would at the end of a few seconds be going at the speed of an express train; at the end of a few minutes at a rate five times that of light; and at the end of a few days with a speed so dizzy that the mind of man cannot conceive it. When the scientific memoir in which this discovery was enshrined arrived at the Academy of Sciences, it was considered scandalous. An indefinitely accelerating motor! Was such a thing possible! And how could one imagine a motor moving forward through the ether without any atmosphere as a means of support? The secretary sent Juste's manuscript back with these simple words: 'This is the notion of a crazy man.' Whereupon Juste sent the secretary's letter back with these words written on it: 'This is the reply of a fool!'

Such events made a stir in the little town where Juste, with his bizarre walk, had long been an object of amazement and mistrust. He had grown still queerer, talking aloud to himself as he walked along the streets and bursting sometimes into uproarious laughter. Children trailed after him with mocking shouts, and people called him 'the madman.' One evening in February of 1880, Juste, overtaken by a snowstorm, sought shelter in the nearest café, — by chance the most fashionable in the city, — the Sables d'Olonne, where all the gilded youth found rendezvous. The entrance of the long-haired professor, emaciated and seedy looking, was greeted with a burst of insulting laughter, one table especially distinguishing itself by its hurricanes of merriment. Juste lifted his head very high, marched straight to the group of merrymakers, selected the one that seemed silliest of all, and addressed him: —

'Monsieur, I am addressing you be-

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cause you seem to me to sum up the folly of this village. I can scarcely have too much sympathy with Madame, your mother, that Providence should have afflicted her with such a progeny. And I object to you, too, Monsieur, because, having both youth and wealth, you squander them in idleness instead of dedicating them to the eternal glory of the science of mathematics.'

Then, while the young man was still mute in astonishment, Professor Juste Porquerol, amid the appalled silence of the whole café, stalked through the hall, opened the door, and departed.

Next morning, Juste, hearing someone ring his bell, went to open the door and found himself face to face with the same youth.

'Monsieur,' said the young man, 'I am Anselme Camenton, the only son of the richest manufacturer in Sables d'Olonne, who says I have too much money to do any work. If I understood what you said to me yesterday, you intimated that I am a stupid sort of chap. — No, no, don't interrupt me. I'm not used to talking in long stretches. I've prepared what I have to say and you will only disturb me by breaking in. — Well, you called me a stupid chap, as I was saying. You were quite right. The life I'm leading bores me to death. Somehow, I feel sure that you are n't bored a bit with your life. Yesterday I spent a whole hour thinking. My parents feared I was sick; they nearly sent for a doctor. I concluded I ought to be putting my fortune to better use, but I don't know how to go about it. Will you help me? I get four thousand francs each month. I shall bring you three thousand of it and we shall work together.'

This proposal appeared to Juste so natural and so eminently proper, that he never even thought of thanking Anselme.

'Just at present,' said he, simply, 'I am endeavoring to complete a marvelous motor that I have invented. Sit down, my dear colleague.'

It was a burlesque and yet a touching collaboration. At two o'clock every day, Anselme arrived and took his place facing Juste at his study table, until six o'clock, when he got up and went home. Sometimes Juste, plunged deep in calculation, never addressed a single word to him during the whole long afternoon. But Anselme was enchanted, for he had at last achieved an object in life: he was watching someone work.

He watched him for forty-four years. Every day during all the forty-four — except the day when he was married — Anselme came to sit in front of the professor's table. Juste spent seventeen years in the construction of his motor. But, now that it was constructed, how could he make sure that, once it was hurled forth into space, it would actually dash forward at a constantly accelerating speed? Someone must make the experiment, and that venturer could be none other than the inventor himself. He constructed a car, therefore, which he called the 'projecto-car' — a task requiring three years. But where was the projecto-car to land? Juste had to find a star so placed that the motor, careering madly through the heavens, would encounter no obstacle. The calculations required to determine such a route took twenty-four years.

So the years rolled away, though neither Juste nor Anselme realized their passing. The two men's hair grew gray and then white. Their eyes had become dim and their movements slow. Anselme had grown old and Juste very old, but still there glowed within them a single flame, always warm, always brilliant. It was their life, this flame, their life — and they were always happy.

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At half past four in the afternoon of March 18, 1924, Juste threw down his pen, looked at Anselme, and said: —

'There you are!'

Eight days afterward, he decided to start. Anselme wanted to go along. There was nothing to hold him back; he was an orphan, a widower, and he had no children. But that would have meant doubling the provisions of air, food, and drink. The projecto-car would never carry such a weight. He must stay upon the Earth until the day when his friend came back, if he ever did come back.

On the twenty-sixth of March they embraced one another in tears. The voyager ensconced himself in the projecto-car; he set the motor going; and then, slowly and gently, Professor Juste Porquerol rose into space. Anselme followed him with his eyes as far as he could see — then he went home. But habit was too strong for him; the next day at the usual hours and all the days that followed, he went to his accustomed place in the laboratory of his old friend; where he plunged into the mathematical voyager's innumerable notes and eternal calculations, until at last, understanding not a word of them all, he fell asleep.

Juste had been sailing through space for two hundred and ten hours. He was now only 8,000,000,000 kilometres from his point of arrival; it was high time to let his speed slow down, little by little, if he did not want to be ground to dust in striking the planet that he had selected as the destination of his travels. His heart beat high with joy, with pride, with fear, too. What would he find on this planet? Would there be living beings there? And beings of what kind? He was soon to know. The stars of the constellation of the Clock were growing larger to his eye. He steered toward the nearest planet. An abrupt slowing-down warned him that he was forcing his way through resisting atmosphere. Then a slight shock. He had arrived!

The prey to the most intense emotions, Juste undid the bolts that closed the opening of his projecto-car, the plate of steel fell off, and he set foot upon the soil. He found himself in the centre of a public square, crowded with beings who, ranged in a wide circle around the projecto-car, were staring at him. They did not seem ill-disposed, and Juste, reassured, stared back at them.

They stood upright like men, and they had figures that were almost human. Their features were like ours, only arranged in a different order, the mouth placed above the eyes; and they had but one ear, in the middle of their foreheads. As if to make up for that, they had two noses, one on each side of their heads, and their nostrils were continually opening and closing like a fish's gills. Their bodies and their two arms were hidden beneath a robe from which a single leg projected, to which was attached a strange foot, prodigiously long, soft, and supple, which curved, stretched out, and then grew shorter, so that they progressed like caterpillars, but with extraordinary speed. When one of them turned around, Juste saw that he had a third little arm, almost atrophied, set in the middle of the back of his head like a Chinaman's queue, with which to scratch his back.

Without a single exception their heads were covered with curious hats, like truncated cones of painted metal, and those who had the richest robes also had the highest hats, from which Juste concluded that the height of the headdress was a mark of distinction among them. They talked among themselves in a strange, sweet-sounding language.

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Juste was dying of thirst. Emboldened by the quiet of the circle about him, he approached the being with the highest headdress of all and made signs that he was thirsty. No doubt he was understood, for the being with the great hat took him by the hand to lead him along. Juste had a shudder of repulsion, for the hand of the planetary was cold as ice, and every one of his eight fingers ended in a little pad, like those of certain tree-climbing toads; but he pulled himself together and followed. They traversed some streets amid general astonishment until they turned into a large house, where Juste was made to sit down and a cup of glass was put before him. Then a servant brought a great bowl covered with sparse hairs, long and gray, no doubt some kind of animal, for it stirred and uttered sharp cries. The servant held the beast above the cup, pricked him with a needle, and a few drops of a syrupy blue liquid ran out. He held out the cup to Juste, while the grayish bowl, released, scampered off on numerous paws which it abruptly protruded. Juste drank. The few drops were so refreshing that they sufficed to make a new man of him.

They tried to talk. Juste talked in French and the planetary replied, but all in vain, for they could not understand one another. Juste pointed to himself and said, 'Juste! Juste!' The being with the high hat pointed to himself and said, 'Mni! Mni!' That was his name. But in spite of all their efforts they could go no further. Suddenly Juste had an idea; seeing on the wall a blackboard and something like chalk, he went up to it and drew several geometrical figures. A loud murmur of astonishment burst from the group who watched him. Mni made signs of understanding. The figures were understood, for geometry is absolute; it is of all times and of all places.

Seizing Juste by the hand, Mni led him again through the streets. After a pretty long journey, they reached a huge building and entered a hall in which were seated planetaries dressed in hats of monstrous height — evidently beings of the highest distinction. Juste wondered how, with such very high hats, they could possibly pass through the little door where he had entered, the only one giving access to the room; but he understood the puzzle when he saw one come in. With the little hand that hung behind his head, the distinguished person seized a thread that dangled from his hat, and pulled it. The segments of the hat disappeared into one another like the tubes of a telescope, and, once he was within the room, the planetary released the thread and the hat resumed its former height.

Juste counted forty such hats. The owners seemed to be in high dudgeon and were talking furiously, meantime casting glances of mingled hatred and contempt at each other. Juste understood at once that this was the Academy of Sciences!

They fell silent at his entry, looking curiously at this newcomer from Earth. Mni spoke to them. He drew geometric figures in the air. No doubt he explained that the stranger was a scientist. Then he made a sign that Juste should follow him, and they passed through numberless stairways, interminable corridors, and arrived at last in a lofty room where a telescope stood. Juste had never seen so huge an instrument; its diameter at one end was gigantic. The academicians followed Juste and looked at him to see what he would do. He walked about the instrument and regarded it with the curiosity of a scientific man. Then one of the planetaries went to the telescope and began to turn it, while Juste, leaning over the reflecting mirror, beheld the celestial bodies — for it was

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night by this time — pass one after another before his eyes, apparently so near that he could distinguish all that was taking place upon their surfaces. Mni showed him a chart of the heavens which covered the walls of the observatory, and quantities of huge books.

He opened one; it was an atlas. Juste understood that Mni was asking whether he would like to see the planet from which he had come. Juste hunted through the chart for a long time, for he had difficulty in recognizing the familiar constellations seen from this new angle; but his long years of study did not fail him, and after some search he found the place where the Sun should have been. He indicated its position and a new atlas was brought him, in which that region was depicted, with all its stars and their planets. There he had no trouble in finding, first the Sun and then the Earth, which he pointed out.

They brought him yet another atlas. He opened it and was stupefied. Numerous maps represented all the lands of the terrestrial globe, with their mountains and rivers and cities — even their valleys. He pointed with his finger to Guignicourt, in the Department of the Aisne, where he was born.

The astronomer read the signs on the margin of the page, worked over his telescope, and motioned to Juste who looked into the mirror. He gave a cry of astonishment. There he looked into the middle of Guignicourt, whose image he saw, reduced in size, it is true, but perfectly clear.

'Yes,' he said to himself. 'There is the church . . . the school . . . and the town hall. There is the house of Père Racoupeau. . . . *Tiens!* There is the house of M. Jourdanne. I thought that was burned down some years ago. They must have rebuilt it while I was away. But what queer clothes the people are wearing. This is n't Mardi gras. . . . Ah! . . .'

He was silent. He was greatly moved. He was looking at the little house in which he had been born. He could see it perfectly, even the vine that framed the door and the place where the shutter was missing on the third window — his room. The door opened. A woman came out.

It was his mother, who had been dead for twenty-three years!

She turned back, and Juste 'heard' her calling someone. The door opened again. A child ran toward the mother, and Professor Juste Porquerol recognized himself as he had been long years ago. The Professor cried out in terror, and fell fainting on the earth.

When he had recovered himself, he seized his notebook and his pencil and plunged into feverish calculations. 'Yes, yes, that's it. The Earth is 477,907,776,000,000 kilometres. . . . It takes light eighty years to make the trip. Yes, yes. That 's it. And I am seeing the earth as it was in 1847.' He ran again to the telescope. The young woman had taken the child by the hand and was walking through the streets of Guignicourt.

In terror, with a heart that beat until it almost burst, Professor Juste Porquerol watched himself, living eighty years before, in the reign of the good King Louis Philippe.

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AUSTIN DOBSON AND 'LYRA ELEGANTIARUM'

BY COULSON KERNAHAN

From the *London Quarterly Review, January*
(WESLEYAN CONSERVATIVE QUARTERLY)

WHEN first I met Austin Dobson, he was at the height of his fame, and I the youngest of three editors on the staff of a great publishing-house. My two colleagues, both distinguished scholars, had published many books, whereas I had published only one, and that anonymously. By Mr. Frederick Locker (later Locker-Lampson), I had just then been invited to assist in the editorial work of the new edition of his volume of social and occasional verse, *Lyra Elegantiarum*. On the question of the rejection or inclusion of certain poems, Mr. Locker said, 'Let us consult Dobson. Now that Tennyson' (whose son, Lionel, was Locker's son-in-law) 'is over eighty and must not be troubled on such matters, I set greater store by Dobson's judgment as an arbiter of taste in letters than by that of anyone now alive.'

What happened I cannot positively say, as I never put the question to either, but I am convinced that he wrote to Mr. Dobson, for within two days I had a letter from the latter. It began with the formal 'My dear Sir,' but otherwise was the most cordial and friendly invitation to the effect that as Ealing, where he lived, was some way out of town, he would be so glad if I would give him the pleasure of making my acquaintance, by coming to have tea with him at the Board of Trade, any afternoon convenient to me, between three and five.

When I called, he happened to be in another room, and I sat nervously awaiting the entrance of one whom as a Society Poet I had imagined (why, I have often wondered since) as tall of person, something of an 'exquisite' in dress, courteous, but possibly cold, even cynical of speech, and as not a little bored at having, even by a friend's wish, to do the 'agreeable' to one so entirely outside the world of fashion as myself.

Instead, with a cheery, 'Here you are then, Mr. Kernahan! Keeping my seat warm for me? I am delighted to see you,' there entered, with outstretched hand — except for the unmistakable distinction which I had expected — the very reverse of the Austin Dobson I had pictured. He was shortish, plumpish, pinkish (in those days) of complexion, and almost Quaker-like in the quiet simplicity of his dress. I had only to look into the grave, steadfast, but kindly and sometimes smiling eyes that met mine so frankly and so shrewdly-observantly, — but which even a shy man could meet without feeling that he was being critically scrutinized and summed up, — to know that I was in the presence of one of the friendliest, kindest, and most modest of men.

Next to the eyes, the noticeable feature was the nose, which was strongly marked, with an aquiline, almost a Jewish downward hook or turn. Very plentiful brown hair, slightly graying, and brushed off the broad, high forehead on the side of the parting, but allowed to droop slightly toward the ear on the opposite side; a thick moustache, almost entirely covering the mouth; a firm chin; and you have an impression at least of Austin Dobson as he seemed

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to me in those far-back days. I am forgetting his voice. Low-pitched, cultivated, but never self-consciously so, it was singularly pleasant to hear, not only for its clarity and musical quality, but because in Austin Dobson's voice was a cordiality which warmed the heart responsively.

Early the following morning, on his way to the Board of Trade, which was some distance from the office in the publishing-house where I was a junior editor, he called to see me. Already the heat was sweltering, and I remember that the perspiration was trickling from his forehead into his eyes, for he was literally staggering under a load of books which he thought would assist me in my revision of *Lyra Elegantiarum*. Nor was it only because my chief, Mr. Locker, was a friend of his, that Mr. Dobson was at this trouble, for later, when I was engaged on other work, he was equally willing to accord help and advice.

Then, one morning, came a volume of his poems with his name, signed in a clear, almost clerkly hand, under a kind inscription in the even more clearly written print in which most of his letters are penned. I have received other books from him with even kinder inscriptions since then, as well as signed portraits, but this volume — the very first presentation copy to come my way from a distinguished poet — brought me that joy of 'the first time' which, F. W. Robertson says, 'never comes back.'

Alas for the response which I made for such kindness! I know better than to do so now, but in those, my salad days of 'beginning author,' I had no more consideration for his time than to inflict upon him a copy of my first and only published book. I remember quoting to Swinburne the saying that to send a man of letters either a book of one's own or an unnecessary letter, requiring acknowledgement, is like putting a postman to the trouble of a five-mile walk after he has his boots off; and Swinburne's shrill and gymnastic — for he indulged in something like a war whoop and war dance of invective against the whole tribe of uninvited letter-writers and book-senders — endorsement of the indictment.

Austin Dobson packed into one man's life the work and the careers of two. He was too conscientious to take his Government work as some in Government offices are said to take theirs. I have reason to know that his official duties were faithfully fulfilled, and that with them his work in letters was never allowed to interfere. That after he left his office he could start work all over again (most of all, work with pen and ink, or which required strain upon the eyes, for work of another sort might have offered a not unwelcome relaxation) leaves the less energetic of us wondering. Yet in his scant leisure he wrote as many if not more books than are penned by some whose only occupation is that of writing. Scholarly as his books were, the amount of reading entailed was prodigious. To say that he had time to read only the books concerned with the subject in hand would be far from the facts. In his office days, he once told me that his trouble was that he was unable to find time to read half of the books which he ought to read for the right understanding of his subject. Yet he found or made time to read the immature and amateur first work which, to my shame, I inflicted upon him, and time even to write me a kind letter: —

DEAR MR. KERNAHAN, —

I did not like to acknowledge your book until I had read it. Hence what must seem an unpardonable neglect on my part. I am not surprised at its success. It seems to me to be very eloquent, and at times extremely vivid in its presentment of its theme. I

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hope it is only the preface to still greater triumphs on your part, and I feel complimented that you quote my Rosina. I return Locker's 'copy.' If I can be of any service, pray command me. With kind regards, yours faithfully,

AUSTIN DOBSON.

Lyra Elegantiarum completed and published, the least I could do was to send Mr. Dobson a copy of the large-paper or de luxe edition. Here is his reply: —

MY DEAR MR. KERNAHAN, —

I am extremely obliged to Messrs. Ward and Lock, and to you in particular, for the handsome large-paper edition of the *Lyra*. I heard from Locker that it was coming. I can understand what your trouble has been, having passed myself under those Caudine Forks of stereotyped plates. But the book ought to have a wide sale. It is, I think, quite the best collection of light miscellaneous verse that I know, and it is always a pleasure to dip into it. If only one had more time for dipping! I shall watch your critical flight with interest. I saw at the Club but have not yet read carefully your *Fortnightly Review* article on Rossetti. Philip Marston (*vidi tantum!*) is a promising subject. With very many thanks, believe me, faithfully yours,

AUSTIN DOBSON.

As Mr. Dobson refers to the 'Caudine Forks of stereotyped plates,' and as these recollections centre almost entirely around *Lyra Elegantiarum*, to which I owed my first meeting with him, I may perhaps be permitted to put on record for the first time the facts concerning the reissue of the book, especially as it is by general consent the best collection of social verse — is, indeed, almost a classic — and had a checkered history. The next edition may or may not be issued in my lifetime. Even so, future editions will be prepared long after I — who have reason to know the inner facts — have passed beyond reach of inquiry, and some future editor or editors may breathe a blessing on my forgotten dust for placing the facts on record.

For reasons of economy, the publishers into whose hands the book had passed wished to print the new edition from the old stereotyped plates. This meant, not a thorough revision and enlargement, but no more than the discarding, here and there, of a poem which in the editor's later judgment fell beneath standard — the vacant space being filled by a poem, necessarily of the same length, and the addition of a few final pages. Had the type been reset, and Mr. Locker given a free hand, he, and incidentally I, would have set about the work in vastly different heart.

None the less, the book, a makeshift at best, was a great success. Mr. Locker's wonder was that it was everywhere so appreciatively reviewed. I had no such wonder, for into the pages of the first edition he had instilled not a little of the charm, the courtliness, the dilettantism, yet the distinction of his own delightful personality. A mirror, as the book was, of his individuality, and that individuality as original and delicate as it was rare, my task, obviously, was to allow no passing shadow of his assistant to mar the mirror's surface. The book had been in existence, if not before I was born, at least when the height of my ambition was not to write or to edit books, but to play on the school eleven. My share must be no more, I told myself, than to carry and fetch; in a word, to play the hodman to my chief in the renovation of the National Gallery of Light Verse, of which he was both architect and builder. His airy and inconsequent touch gave grace and lightness to the architecture, and no alien handiwork must deface that of the master builder. For this reason, not a single poem was omitted or added except by Mr. Locker's sanction.

I ought to add that, when a little

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later a large-paper edition, vellum-bound, beautifully produced upon hand-made paper with uncut edges, and consisting of 250 copies only, each numbered and signed by the editor, was arranged, Mr. Locker's interest in the republication of his book ceased to be languid. One of these large-paper copies I sent to Mr. Swinburne, whom at that time I saw not infrequently. When I told Mr. Locker that on my next visit to The Pines Swinburne had carried me off to his room, and, placing the book upon a table as upon an altar, had first, as it were, prostrated himself before it as before something almost worthy of worship, if only for the beauty of its production; then, his whim changing, had pirouetted around it on tiptoe and in glee at the possession of so covetable a piece of bookmaking, and had said that if there was, as he understood, a Minerva edition, this surely must be an edition sacred to Venus — Mr. Locker was not a little heartened. He had two or three specially prepared copies printed upon pink paper for presentation; and that thenceforward he was not altogether displeased with the reissue of *Lyra Elegantiarum* may be gathered from the following lines which he inscribed in the copy that he presented to me: —

To Coulson Kernahan from Frederick Locker

Verse of society,
Filled with variety,
Sentiment, piety,
Lark and 'lurliety,'
Strictest sobriety,
No impropriety —
Here Locker and Kernahan, and Kernahan and Locker
Tie a posy for Beauty, that nothing shall shock her —
That's their anxiety.

After the publication of *Lyra Elegantiarum*, I met Mr. Austin Dobson only occasionally. But when Mr. Locker died, four years later, we were invited to the funeral, and Dobson expressed the wish that we should walk together from the carriage to the grave. Returning to London in his company, I mentioned that I was to write an article on Locker's work for *The Nineteenth Century*. Later, at a dinner of the Omar Khayyám Club, of which he and I were members, he spoke of the article, and when I said that it had since been reprinted in a book he expressed a wish to see the volume, which I sent him. Here is his reply: —

My Dear Kernahan, —

I have not yet read all your book, but I have read a good deal of it with great pleasure. I like the Brontë and the Stevenson papers much, and greatly approve what you say of style and sense and form.

Sei die Braut das Wort,
Brautigam der Geist.

I tried to work it into a little fable once, 'The Toyman.' You are no doubt right about Locker's 'Rotten Row.' But I know the late Lord Bowen praised it, and I suppose that influenced me. On the other hand, I have never really cared for 'A Human Skull.' Separately, the stanzas are good, but they don't cohere or progress to anything. Then the bad rhymes — 'coffin' and 'often,' 'praises' and 'daisies.' It is extremely kind of you to give me the book, and I shall put it next *Sorrow and Song*. With kind regards, yours sincerely,

Austin Dobson.

This refers to the fact that in my article on Locker I said that I ventured to differ from Mr. Austin Dobson concerning the respective merits of 'Rotten Row' and 'A Human Skull.' Dobson's (or Lord Bowen's) favorable opinion of the former, and Dobson's as unfavorable opinion of the latter (which Thackeray accepted for the *Cornhill*, and to which he makes complimentary allusion in *The Adventures of Philip on His Way Through the World*), notwithstanding, my humble opinion of the two poems remains unchanged. With the exception taken to certain rhymes

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in 'A Human Skull' one must agree. The late Mr. Washington Moon, author of *The Dean's English*, and editor of *Men and Women of the Time*, told me that he could not sufficiently regret having distressed Mr. Locker (who had sent him a copy of *London Lyrics*) by observing jokingly that 'In *London Lyrics* one is not surprised to find a Cockney rhyme.' Yet though one may take exception to certain rhymes in 'A Human Skull,' and take none to those in 'Rotten Row,' the fact remains that, compared with the originality of *motif*, the playful but pitiful humanity, and the graceful fancy of 'A Human Skull' (I wish it had ended with the fifth verse), 'Rotten Row' is commonplace.

On August 22, I received a letter from Mr. Cyril Dobson, one passage of which I transcribe: 'I know you will be sorry to hear of my father's long and serious illness, which began as far back as April. It is simply heart failure through old age. The doctors say that his heart is just worn out and the walls are very thin. For the last two months he has been so weak as to be unable even to turn in bed, and more than once the doctors did not expect him to live the night, but by God's grace he has rallied. For forty-eight hours it may be said that his heart did not beat once of its own accord, but only by artificial means. He has, I am glad to say, suffered little, except extreme weakness, and his mind has been for the most part clear and alert, so much so that, touched by the care and devotion of those gathered around him, he actually dictated a charming little three-stanza poem, "To My Nurses."'

In less than a fortnight I received news of the distinguished poet's death; he passed away peacefully, and conscious almost to the very end.

Readers who remember his poem, 'The Sundial,' may be interested to hear that it had its origin in the fact that, many years ago, Mr. Austin Dobson erected in his garden a sundial, made from one of the columns taken out of Old Kew Bridge. By his wish the sundial will be placed over his grave. Here are the first two verses of the poem: —

'Tis an old sundial, dark with many a stain:
In summer crowned with drifting orchard bloom,
Tricked in the autumn with the yellow rain,
And white in winter like a marble tomb.

And round about its gray, time-eaten brow
Lean letters speak — a worn and shattered row:
I am Shade: a Shadow, too, arte thou:
I mark the Time: saye, Gossip, dost thou soe?

To what I have written of Austin Dobson's generosity and greatness of heart, and of the kindness he accorded to a young writer, I will add only what James Payn says in his *Literary Recollections:* 'My experience of men of letters is that for kindness of heart they have no equal. I contrast their behavior toward the young and struggling with the harshness of the lawyer, the hardness of the man of business, the contempt of the man of the world, and am proud to belong to their calling.'

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THE ELEVATOR GIRL

A Monologue

BY GEOFFREY DEARMER

[*Westminster Gazette*]

FOURTH floor, going down —
Hardware, underwear, and hose.
Third floor, going down —
Toys, tobacco, children's clo'es.
Second floor, going down —
Linen, perfume, sports, and shoes.
First floor, going down —
Gramophones, pianos, news.
Ground floor, going down —
Hats, books, dresses, furs, and frocks.
Basement floor, bargain store —
Fish, fruit, art, hair-cutting, clocks.
Ground floor, going *up* —
Hats, books, dresses — read the rhyme,
Upwards, downwards,
Upwards, downwards,
Stop at six —
It 's closing-time.

AFTER THE SUMMER

BY DOROTHY ROBERTS

[*Colour*]

How lovely is the flower procession, led
By windflowers out of winter slipped aside,
By speedwell and stichwort, and crab-tree flowers
Beginning in gray woods at Eastertide.

Oh, I have followed these, and later loved
The ragged ones that riot with the June,
Yarrow, and meadowsweet and dog daisy —
But now the birds have hushed their summer tune,
And I must walk, unanswered, through the wood
Of sombre trees, all still, in sleepy lines,
Where loosestrife grows, and where, lovelier than all,
The willow-herb looks out between dark pines.

DREAMS

BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS

[*English Review*]

WHEN I have won to rest once more
In sanctity of night and sleep,
Drift visions from the shadow shore —
Small, patient forms that creep.
They move in drab; they wear no wings;
They are the dreams that might come true,
Meek phantoms of the modest things
That I have power to do.

Like azure shadows in the snow,
Or bloom upon the sun-kissed grape,
Sweep lovelier shades, that gleam and glow
And don a rarer shape.
They smile with eyes of queens and kings;
They call on me to make them true —
The lordly, gracious, sovereign things
I have no power to do.

Remain such waking dreams as limn
Upon reality and truth,
Flying like holy seraphim,
Whose rainbow wings drop ruth.
Born of the human sorrowings
That pierce our common nature through,
They challenge to the mightiest things
All men have power to do.

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THE SORROWS AND SUCCESSES OF A JOYOUS PLAYWRIGHT

MR. A. A. MILNE — who attracted the attention, first of American readers with his book of essays, *Not that It Matters*, and then of American theatre-goers with one of the best-made plays seen in America this season, *Mr. Pym Passes By* — is adding new leaves to his crown of laurels with two more plays, produced in England.

In *The Truth About Blayds* Mr. Milne lays aside the mild satire and the delicate wit that have been his forte and falls to asking social questions and pumping hidden shames with a vengeance. His new play concerns the life and (supposed) works of Oliver Blayds, the most eminent poet of his day, — fêted, laureled, lionized, — a family tyrant, who keeps one of his daughters as a slavish nurse and marries off another to his private secretary, whom an English critic characterizes as 'an appalling little press agent, half Boswell, half booster, wholly sycophant.'

On his ninetieth birthday, while an admiring nation showers him with praise and honors, Blayds, with the fear of death upon him, confesses to his daughters. He never wrote the poems that have made his reputation. In his youth he shared lodgings with a genius — a genius named Jenkins. Jenkins died young, leaving his manuscripts in Blayds's hands, and ever since Blayds has been publishing the other man's poetry as his own, and fattening on the reputation it brings him. Once Blayds published a book of poems — genuinely his own. A unanimous groan went up from the critics. The great Blayds had written himself out at last, they cried in endless columns. After that the distinguished Oliver Blayds experimented no more, but continued steadily to publish the manuscripts of Jenkins, who appears to have been prolific, even for a genius, since the writings of his youth sufficed to carry Blayds through a lifetime of unmerited glory.

The secretary son-in-law will not believe; the daughters hate to. The secretary hopes to write a few profitable books himself, *The Life of Blayds* (authorized edition in two volumes), *Blaydsiana* (one volume), *On the Track of Blayds in the Cotswolds* (another volume). Blayds was very old. Perhaps what he revealed was mere hallucination. Jenkins's will is found. It shows that he left all to Blayds. Jenkins had no poor relations. His money clearly belongs to the Blayds family. And if the money is safe — the all-important consideration — what does the rest matter?

Blayds retains his borrowed mantle of immortality. His sorrowing family bury him in it — and an Empire mourns.

As for his other play, although Mr. Milne complains that the way of the playwright for children is made hard ('the difficulty in writing a children's play is that Barrie was born too soon'), he succeeds well enough with *Make-Believe*, which has had both London and Liverpool productions. It is a delectable drama, with pirates, Bluebeard, a schoolroom, and a doctor whose medical knowledge includes but three prescriptions; but Mr. Milne is saddened by his limitations. Alas! 'What fun to have been Adam, and to have had the whole world of plots and jokes and stories at one's disposal!'

But as a matter of fact, no one is dissatisfied with Mr. Milne except himself — unless we make one more exception of Mr. St. John Ervine, himself a

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dramatist, who thus berates his professional rival in the *Observer:* —

Something, preferably of a harsh nature, will have to be done about Mr. Milne. He is steadily monopolizing the theatres of the habitable globe for the performance of his plays. In London we discover him at his most ambitious. If we go to India or to Australia, behold he is there, too. Hardly had I put my nose inside the city of Liverpool last week when I encountered him again. He has not yet taken possession of the sixty theatres of New York, but if he continues to occupy them at his present pace, the whole lot will soon be labeled, 'Reserved for Mr. Milne!' His rivals will then be obliged to take to drink or go into the Civil Service or abandon themselves to some other form of debauchery. Nothing else will be left to them. It may be said, of course, that they should strive to write as well as he writes, which is as much as to say, 'Why does n't Mr. De Valera hold his tongue?' or something equally silly and impossible. No, that sort of advice is of no use to us who, stiff with envy, contemplate the extending range of Mr. Milne's work. We shall have to make up some scandalous story about him, say, that he is secretly addicted to mathematics or known to visit the British Museum. If we can only blacken his character in this manner we may be able to shove him off the stage. I shall have to bring this matter up before the next meeting of the Authors' Society.

Mr. Ervine adds one more lamentation. If Mr. Milne's way is made hard by the fact that Sir James Barrie was born too soon, he complains, the way of the ordinary playwright is now made doubly hard by the fact that Mr. Milne himself was ever born at all. What green-eyed monsters these playwrights be!

*

RESTORING THE PARTHENON

GREEK proposals to repair the Parthenon, on which the hand of time has been laid with undue heaviness, cause some uneasiness among the archæologists of the world. The present scheme of renovation mainly concerns the columns on the north of the building, many of which have fallen. The Greek authorities have already erected scaffolding, and propose to reërect these columns and the architrave. In the previous repairs, missing marble blocks were replaced by new marble blocks, so that the unity of the buildings might be as little interfered with as possible. It is now learned, however, that the Greeks propose to use a compound of limestone and cement in the new repairs.

The news has caused genuine dismay, though some leading British scholars are inclined to take a hopeful view of the situation. The *Times* points out that the restoration of the Erechtheion and Propylæa which was carried out by M. Balanos, head of the Conservation Department of the Ministry of Education, was very successful. In this work, however, the Greeks had the benefit of the best American, British, and German archæological opinion to guide them, for M. Balanos had the discretion to consult the very greatest scholars before proceeding with the restoration.

Professor E. A. Gardner, the former director of the British School of Archæology at Athens, admits some trepidation at the news from Athens. Conceding the success of the work carried out on the Erechtheion, he expresses fears that the proposed repairs of the Parthenon may require the introduction of a good deal of modern marble, which may give an unpleasant patchwork appearance to the ruins.

'I imagine there is no likelihood of an attempt to restore the sculpture,' said Professor Gardner to an interviewer from the *Times*. 'That would be perfectly hopeless. From other Greek buildings the sculpture has been removed for safety, and placed in a museum, its place being taken by casts

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of the original. To my mind, we have no right to put these treasures where there is little or no chance of their being preserved from the bad effects of the air. Our successors must be considered. We do not want to leave them nothing to look at.'

Questioned as to the desirability of restoring the Elgin marbles to their original locations in the Parthenon, Professor Gardner said that they were better cared for and available to more people where they now are in the British Museum. He also suggested that if the Greeks really wanted to see the Parthenon as it was in classic times, the best thing to do was to build an entirely new structure duplicating the old, and leaving the ruins quite untouched.

The centuries have been unkind to the most beautiful building of antiquity. The Temple of the Maidens became the church of Saint Sophia, not a very long step from a dedication to Athena, for both Christian saint and Grecian goddess were patrons of wisdom. Then it was made a church sacred to the Virgin. Then the Turks turned it into a mosque, distorting its beauty with a superposed minaret. Last fate of all, that ends this sad eventful history, the chief ornament of Periclean Athens became a Turkish powder-magazine and was blown up when Venetian shells exploded in it, destroying the middle of the building and throwing down the columns at the sides.

*

THE OXFORD-CAMBRIDGE CRITICIZING MATCH

LITERARY criticism in England occupies the place that intercollegiate football fills in America. Perhaps the opinion is not justified, but it is set forth by Mr. A. St. John Adcock in his book of poems, *Exit Homo*, and Mr. Adcock, having been both critic and criticized, as well as an Oxford man, ought to know. Thus speaks the poet:—

> The critic reared at Oxford thirsts to damn
> The author who was raised beside the Cam;
> And he of Cambridge tends to bark and bite
> At any books that Oxford authors write;
> And both incline to snub, when all is said,
> Authors who were in outer darkness bred.

There is a gladdening clickety-click about Mr. Adcock's critical couplets that aids him in driving home their vicious points. Among his victims are those strange mortals, the psycho-analytical novelists, who

> . . . must adapt, so runs their fond conviction,
> The practice of the clinic ward to fiction,
> And, to restrict their skill to either loath,
> Blend art with science, and are quacks in both.

*

BERNARD SHAW IN 'WHO'S WHO'

THE year 1921 is gone, and *Who's Who* for 1922 will soon be on the reference shelf. The passing of the old volume, or at best its relegation to second place, is a sad event, for it takes with it one of the most amusing typographical blunders ever perpetrated. The victim — unless he is the deliberate perpetrator — is none other than Mr. Bernard Shaw, who in his biography for that year concludes the list of his plays with '*Back to Methuselah*, a book of *fine* plays.'

Now, that is undoubtedly Mr. Shaw's opinion. He has told all of the willful city of London (which, in spite of the good example set it by New York, Vienna, and Stockholm, refuses to like them) that the five short plays which constitute *Back to Methuselah* are not only five but fine; and London has refused to agree with him. So the question poses itself thus: Did Mr. Shaw write 'five' or 'fine'? Did the printer inadvertently praise Mr. Shaw, or did Mr. Shaw deliberately praise himself? No one who knows either Mr. Shaw or printers will question the possibility of either alternative.

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'LUCIO' AND THE INCOME TAX

'LUCIO,' of the *Manchester Guardian*, is once more upon the rampage. A few weeks ago some wretch in a motor truck spattered mud upon the indignant Lucio, who properly held the miscreant up to public execration in a poem describing that regrettable event. But Lucio is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward. A British tax collector has sent him a demand for income tax without enclosing the usual franked envelope for a reply. Though Lucio has probably never read Artemus Ward, he feels, with him, that this is '2 mutch' — indeed, he says so, in verse: —

THE LAST STRAW

Of all the exhibitions
  Of meanness ever met
I think that this omission's
  The worst encountered yet;
To supersede or dim it
  No rival shall emerge —
This is the holy limit,
  The last, the outer verge!

They promised me a Geddes
  To whittle down the tax,
And this device instead is
  The way they use the axe!
For, mark you, not contented
  With all they took before,
This dodge that they 've invented
  Means claiming twopence more.

They take my little pittance
  And say, 'Now, that 's for you;
The rest is our remittance
  (Which, kindly note, is due).'
And now without contrition
  They even strip the wreck,
And make me in addition
  Pay postage on the check!

'A Geddes,' of course, refers to the Geddes Commission, which is now endeavoring to reduce Government expenditure in Great Britain. Millionaires — and others — will have no difficulty in sympathizing with the hapless Lucio.

✻

FROGS AND SNAILS

BRITISH officers and ex-officers who served on the western front during the war have evidently decided that in matters gustatory 'they order these things better in France.' At any rate, the Savoy Hotel in London has been compelled by their demands to add frogs and snails to the menu. Inasmuch as 'Froggie' is the historic epithet which the Britisher has always applied to the Frenchman when he wanted to say something peculiarly derogatory, the change in the national taste is little short of revolutionary. No less than 250 frogs and 200 snails are now being sent from France to the Savoy every day and the order is to be doubled. The edible amphibians and molluscs are hurried across the Channel by airplane, which leads the *Manchester Guardian* to observe, 'It seems a shame that snails should be rushed like that!'

✻

BOOKS MENTIONED

ADCOCK, A. St. John. *Exit Homo.* London: Selwyn and Blount. 3*s.* 6*d.*

LUDENDORFF, ERICH. *Documents du G. Q. G. allemand sur le rôle qu'il a joué de 1916 à 1918 réunis par Erich Ludendorff.* Tome I. Préface et traduction du chef de bataillon d'infanterie breveté Mabille, de l'état-major de l'armée. (23 x 14). 15*fr.*

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Incorporated 1849 Charter Perpetual

SPRINGFIELD

FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY

OF SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

Cash Capital $2,500,000.00

Seventy-third Annual Statement, January 1, 1922

ASSETS

Cash on hand, in Banks and Cash Items	$2,351,499.11
Cash in hands of Agts. and in course of collection	1,824,329.94
Accrued Interest, etc.	403,421.57
Real Estate Unincumbered	335,000.00
Loans on Mortgage (first lien)	2,610,270.00
Bank Stocks	2,640,860.00
Railroad Stocks	1,505,255.00
Miscellaneous Stocks	1,182,716.50
Government Bonds	3,324,500.00
Railroad Bonds	1,105,938.00
State, County and Municipal Bonds	1,377,260.00
Miscellaneous Bonds	1,723,200.00
TOTAL ASSETS	$20,384,250.12

LIABILITIES

CAPITAL STOCK	$2,500,000.00
Reserve for Re-Insurance	10,878,927.69
Reserve for all unpaid Losses	1,819,211.17
Reserve for all other Liabilities	425,000.00
Reserve for January 1922 Dividend	200,000.00
TOTAL LIABILITIES	$15,823,138.86
NET SURPLUS	4,561,111.26
SURPLUS TO POLICY HOLDERS	7,061,111.26
LOSSES PAID SINCE ORGANIZATION	$92,012.665.56

A. W. Damon, *President*
G. G. Bulkley, *Vice President*
E. H. Hildreth, *Secretary*
F. H. Williams, *Treasurer*

W. B. Cruttenden, *Asst. Sec.*
W. A. Hebert, *Asst. Sec.*
C. L. Garnett, *Asst. Sec.*
F. A. Schlesinger, *Asst. Treas.*

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SURPLUS TO POLICY HOLDERS	7,061,111.26
LOSSES PAID SINCE ORGANIZATION	$92,012.665.56

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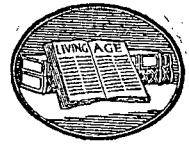

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